

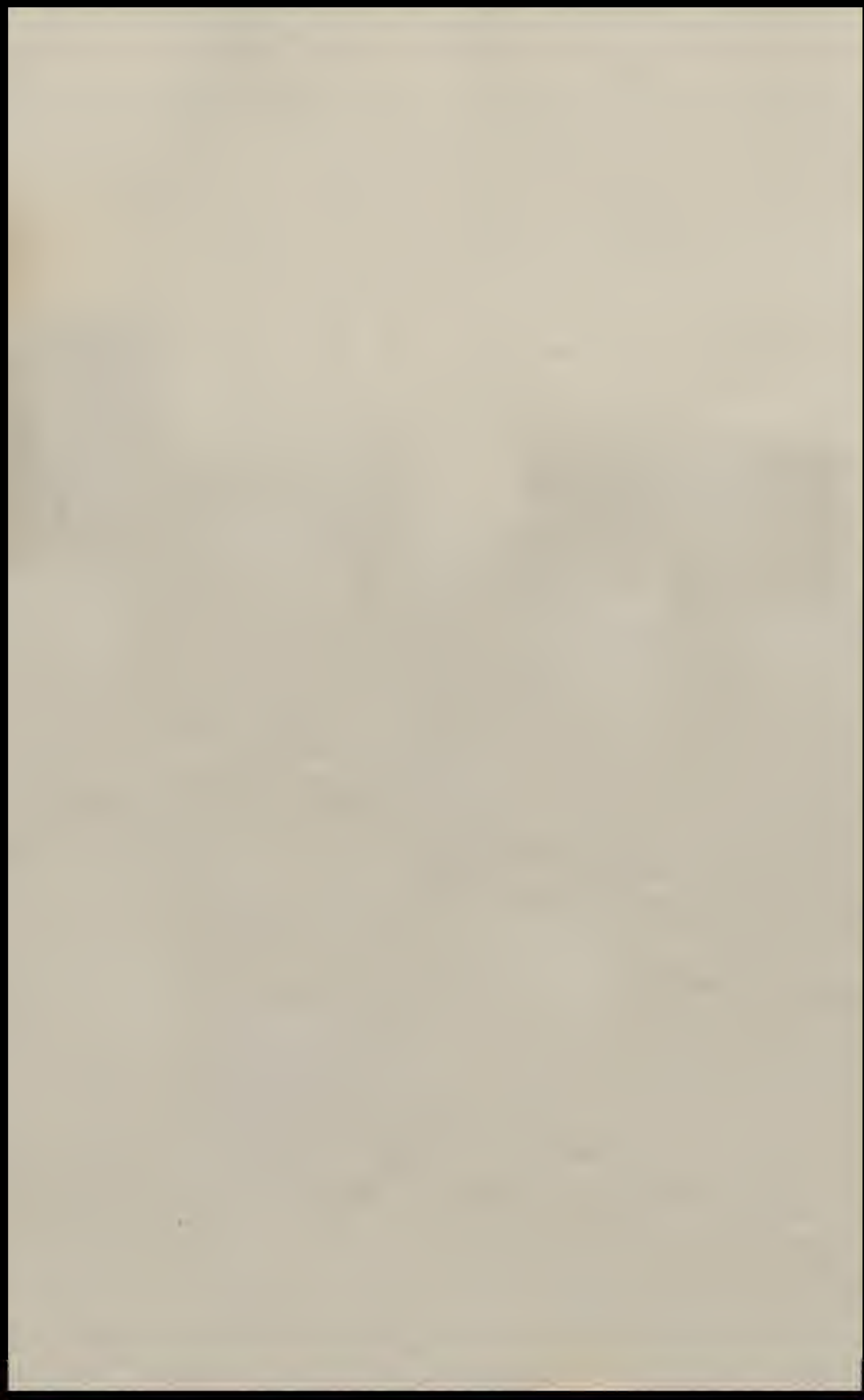
Senior Number

Hamrack

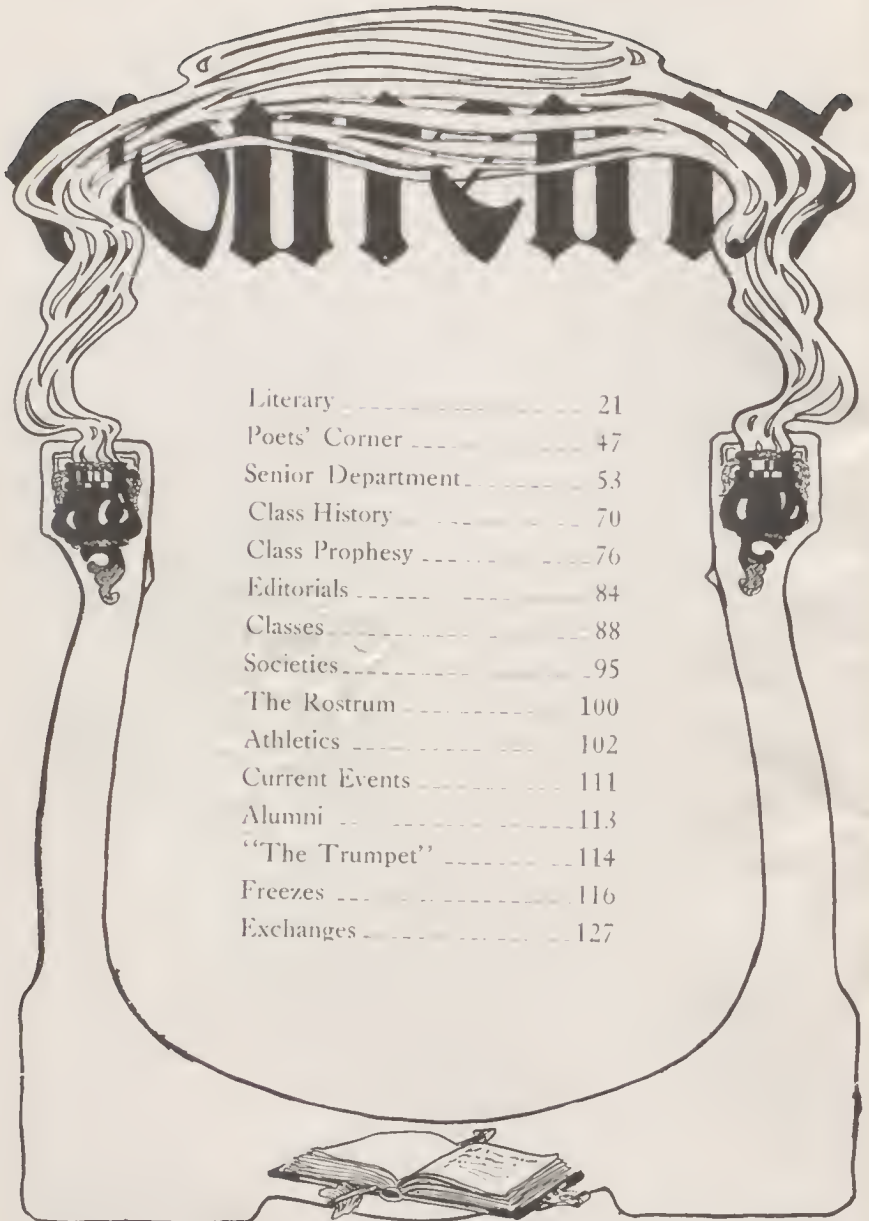
NEHA



Spokane







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HOWARD.

C.

IMHOFF.

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Store for
All Young
People

The Palace
CORNER MAIN AVE. AND POST ST.
Owned and Operated by the Spokane Dry Goods Co.

High School
Boys and Girls
Appreciate our
Guarantee

Young Men's Suits

LATEST CUTS

\$18.00 and \$20.00 Garments

SPECIAL OFFER - - \$13.65

EVERY day our business with high school boys increases and we have made preparations to give them just the kind of clothing that they want, at a few dollars less than usual and they are quick to see the advantage.

Here is a special line of young mens suits that offers all the new and nobby styles. Blue serges in Norfolk and regulation models: suits with plenty of life and get up to them. Also worsteds and cassimeres in swell two-tone colors.

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Young Men's Overcoats---\$13.65

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Rough Neck Sweaters---\$5.50

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\$5.50

"FELLOW STUDENTS"

Spokane is growing and so is North Central High School. We must have a high school paper in accordance, to let others see what we are doing. As we have a great deal of opposition it is necessary that we also outgrow the "charity" idea, formerly connected with a high school paper advertising, by having a paper in which the merchants feel and are sure that their money spent for advertising is well spent.

The business staff probably realizes this fact more than the other 1100 students and in order that the business staff accomplish better results for our advertisers, the business and advertising managers have joined the Spokane Ad Club.

The Tamarack is one of the largest and far reaching school activities. The business men of the city are watching all school publications and it is up to the students body to make "The Tamarack" make good. You all know that our football team must have our united support in order to win, and "The Tamarack" can not make good without the loyal support of each individual student of North Central in patronizing our advertisers.

Yours respectfully,

ROBERT L. TATE,

Business Manager.

"Just Hats, THAT'S ALL"



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ANNEX

Howard and Riverside
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\$350. \$5.00 and up

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A full line of
Sporting Goods
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YOU never will appreciate
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ours. \$35.00 and more are
our prices. We are the only
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our own designer.

A Pattern selection of over
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WEIN'S Clothing House

331 Riverside Ave.

To all our friends and
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ents we wish a happy and
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—CLOTHINGLY YOURS

THE I. X. L. CLOTHING CO.

See that they use

**Red
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and Blue**

OR

**PURO
Self-Raising
FLOUR**

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The Spokane Flour Mills

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GEORGE BEL-
SHAW (walking
home as the
car flies by):
Gee! I wish
the car fare was
a dime; then
I'd be saving
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To the Boys and Girls of the North Central High School

While going to school
learn to be Spokane
"Boosters." Ask your
mothers if they use
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NOT?"

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Look Different!!

You will soon
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Pure Dairy Products



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DAIRY CO.

Both Phones

Want
to
see
something
swell
?

See page 125

'13

*Our prices are the lowest
And merchandise best
These twenty long years and more
Resolved: That the New Year
Bring more of You here
To trade at the K. & H. Store*

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Wedding Reception Cards
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Wedding Ceremony Cards
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School and College Invitations
Letter Head Plates and Dies
Business Announcements
Monogram Stationery*

*Address Stationery
Visiting Cards
Book Plates
Reception Invitations
Dance Invitations
Dance Programs
Banquet Invitations
Betrothal Announcements
Birth Announcements
Acknowledgment Cards
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Business Cards*

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Classy Fuel---Clean and Efficient---Yet
Most Economical of All

The Gas Co.

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Style is Essential

in a Shoe for a Young Man or Woman. Comfort and wear are equally important. All these points are embodied in the large line of medium priced shoes at

HILL BROS. SHOE CO.

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"The Home of Good Shoes"

Spokane, Wash., _____ 1913.

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Spokane, Washington.

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THE DAY & HANSEN SECURITY CO.

of The City of Spokane

PAID IN CAPITAL and SURPLUS, \$1,350,000

Volume 4

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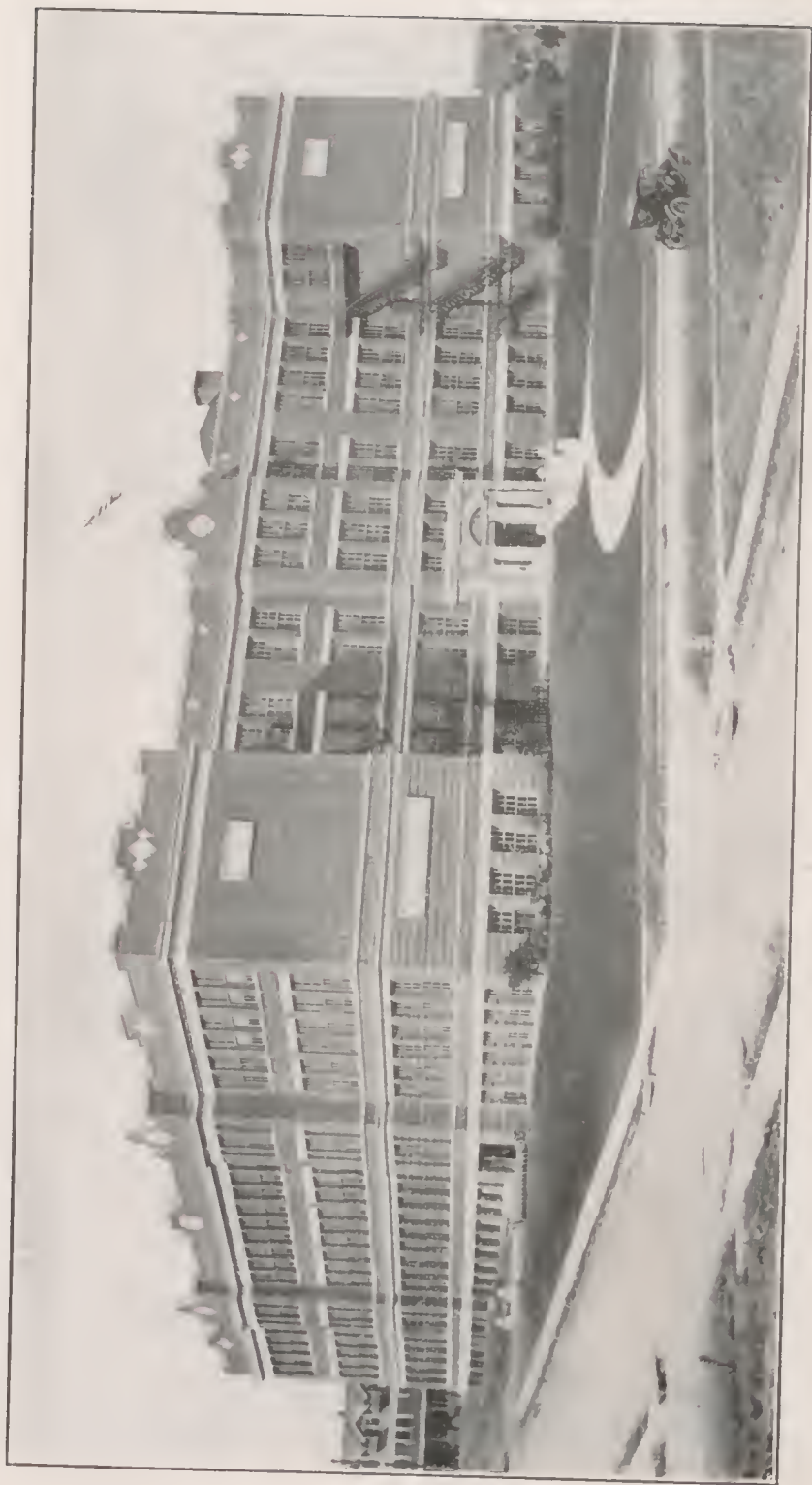
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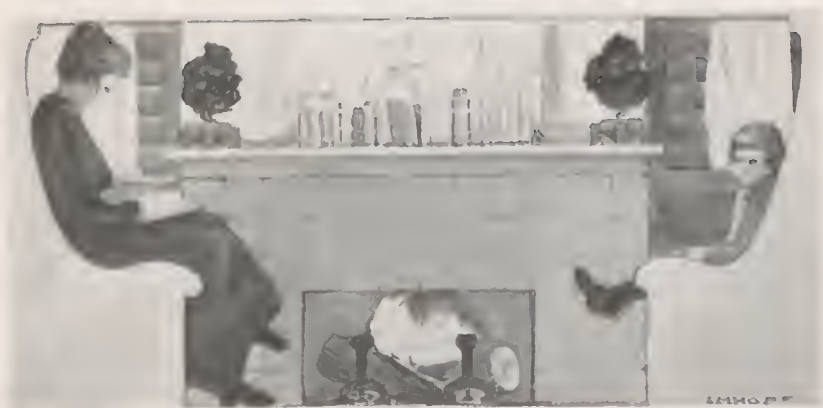
OTTO WARN

Assistant Advertising Manager

To The
Class of January
1913



NORTH CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL



Winning, Yet Losing

By Stuart F. Lower

THE prosecuting attorney nodded to himself. At any cost a chance hang! He sat before the flaming fireplace, solemnly whirling large like that must not be allowed to pass. Certainly, the prisoner must clouds of smoke into the air. An open book lay on his lap, twisting flames warmed his feet. He was comfortable, he was happy, but not satisfied. Ambition claimed him; that almost indefinable thing held him, bound him in abject slavery. It commanded him as many another man, pushing him onward over his fallen fellowmen toward the goal; deadening his pity, crippling his honor, killing his love. Ambition was his master—selfish ambition.

"What does it matter to me if the man be guilty or not?" he tried to reason, but the thought always seemed to clog in his mind; it made him uneasy. But then, again, he, as prosecuting attorney, must prove the prisoner guilty. He believed, he *knew*, that his plea would sway the jury; he knew he controlled that life—that it rested on him whether that soul should be sent into space beyond; him, a fellow creature. He shuddered inwardly, and grasped the arm of the chair tightly. Should he relent after all? Would it pay? Could he be the happier by it? Was his happiness worth a life? He sat motionless, thinking, studying. Should he re—no! no! it meant the longing, the work of thirty years to be repaid. Renown throughout the country, his name on every lip; bitter enemies, admiring friends, money, luxury. All that for one of the "down-and-outs." He sighed at the very thought of it. But yet, yet,—why could he not push that thought from him?—it was a fellow-



man, a brother's life he was taking. Well, the man was unlucky; Fate would have its food, it had picked its man. Who was to blame? Moreover, it was his happiness against a poor devil who had never known joy and probably never would. He would be better off dead, and it was likely he would be thankful for his release from further sorrow. The attorney smiled, and his heart leaped high. Of course! why had he not thought of that before? Yes, the prisoner must hang!

Every newspaper in the country had given space to the trial, a third of them, many columns. Magazines had discussed it. "The Saturday Evening Post" and "The Outlook" had mentioned it. "Collier's Weekly" in a special article had claimed the man innocent; "Harper's" had taken the opposite view. Noted judges, lawyers, public office-holders, professors, traveling-men, merchants, even the lowest day laborers, had expressed and maintained their opinions on the subject. One took one view, his neighbor, another. Many believed that, innocent or not, the prisoner should hang, because the crime had been so terrible.

The fire before the attorney mixed with the ashes and went out altogether, but the famous lawyer, filling and emptying his pipe mechanically, did not notice it. The case; ah, yes. Tomorrow he would stand before the jury for the last time. He must convince them that the prisoner was guilty. He had it all planned out now. He smiled confidently. The prisoner was represented by a noted lawyer, a crafty, far-seeing man, who in his appeal the day before had made a great impression on the jury. His argument must overcome this, and win them to his side: a hard task; and yet, he was confident. But, at any rate, no matter who the lawyer was, the prisoner must hang!

The clock on the wall chimed twelve. The attorney's pipe hung loosely in his lips, the last glow of fire brightened in it, then shrivelled into nothingness. His eyes had a far-away look in them, his mind slowly drifted into the past. He was in his twenties again. There came little Kenneth, in his baby way, wanting to climb on his father's knees. His happy chatter rang and echoed throughout the house. A shade of contentment crossed the attorney's face. Dear little Kenneth! How he loved him, even that small right hand with its little finger uncureably misshapen and twisted. It was his boy, his only child!

But yet another darker, blacker picture pressed upon his fancy. It was a scene in a court-room. His wife was being granted a decree of divorce. Only too plainly he saw the judge giving her custody of the child, but with strict orders always to keep him near the father. Three weeks later came the

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news—they were gone. Then the hunt, the baffled authorities, the father, broken-hearted, advertising in the papers, setting special detectives on his wife's trail, but all in vain. His boy was gone. The attorney opened his eyes and found his cheeks wet with tears. He looked into the dead, gray fireplace, and compared it to his life without his boy. Yes, in reality, his life was empty and as dead as the fire before him. At last he reached over and turned on the light. In the brightness the past fell away, the present embraced him. "The prisoner must hang!" he muttered as he settled back, "he *must* hang!"

The whole court sat silently, expectantly. The jury leaned forward, waiting, breathless. An almost depressing hush filled the room. As the prosecuting attorney arose, a sigh, nearly a sob, burst from the prisoner. His lawyer leaned over, whispered reassuringly in his ear, and patted him encouragingly on the shoulder. That was all; no other sound was heard, no other motion noticeable. Two hundred people sharply drew their breath at the same instant, two hundred hearts quickened their pace in two hundred breasts, but there was no movement in the crowd except the shifting of eyes from the attorney to the prisoner and back. At last he began. He started in a low, but distinctly audible voice to review the case. He ran through the events of the murder. He proved one statement, he disproved another. He pointed out every incident no matter how small or trivial. He went over his witnesses' statements, reminded the jury of inconsistencies in the defense's evidence, strengthening his own.

Three hours passed rapidly by. Then he stopped, his finger pointed dramatically at the prisoner. The court stirred uneasily. Each and everyone had felt the strain of those three hours; it had fallen on them heavily. At times they had almost ceased to breathe, so sure, so forcible, so convincing had been his plea. And yet, he was not satisfied. They waited,—the very atmosphere was filled with suspense. Suddenly the attorney's hand fell to his side; he spoke.

"Gentlemen of the jury, as I have proved to you by reviewing the statements of my witnesses, and shown you that no other man than this prisoner, James Grear, could have committed this terrible murder of these two men, I am going to show you, to prove to you, that he has not only committed this crime but will always be a criminal; that he is a dangerous man, and will never be anything else.

"Gentlemen, look closely at him. Scrutinize every feature, notice the things that mark him a criminal. They are prominent, very prominent, gentlemen. You surely can see them, you can almost feel them.

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"His face is the face of a criminal. See the dull, leadened, inexpressive eyes; but notice, gentlemen, the ferret-like look in them. Notice the shape of the mouth, the chin, in fact the whole face. You see in that face the born criminal, one to look out for.

"Haven't you met men on the street for whom you felt a vague antagonism? You may never have seen them before, but in their features, in their speech, in the very way in which they carry themselves, they impress you as not being the right kind of people. It's because they cannot conceal, no matter how hard they try, the class to which they belong. And now before you is an example. Gentlemen, analyze your feelings towards this prisoner and find if you do not agree with me.

"The parents of a criminal are often criminals themselves. This prisoner does not know who his father or mother was. Probably both led a low life. More than likely his father committed many a crime himself; that he was a thief, or even a murderer. He may be serving time in the penitentiary now, or he may have swung, already. And gentlemen, it is proved by statistics that most of our criminals come from criminal parents. The only way to get this country clear of this kind of men, is to do away with every one of these habitual criminals. They are a menace to society. This prisoner before you has willfully murdered two men. It was premeditated. He deserves to hang! Gentlemen of the jury, it rests on you whether this man shall be brought to justice. The issues at stake are greater than this one life, greater than this one crime. The welfare of the whole country will depend upon your decision. Criminals will draw back into their holes if you do your duty, but, on the other hand, if this man goes free this land will become a seemingly welcome field for their depredations. Gentlemen, remember the issues at stake! I thank you!"

A half hour later the jury solemnly passed from the room, with faces set and stern, with shoulders squared, aware only of the great responsibility which rested heavily upon them. The prosecuting attorney curiously scanned their faces as they walked by. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—eight men he was comparatively sure of; eight. He had noticed their quick glance at the prisoner, he had interpreted the expression on their faces. Yes, he had a good chance, a *good* chance.

At last a breathing spell had come. The crowd in the court-room awoke as the door closed behind the jurors. Everyone had something to say to his or her neighbor. For awhile, at least, they could rest from the strain. Now and then women left with children who could no longer stand the irksomeness of the

TAMARACK.

trial, but immediately their places were filled by more of the waiting crowd outside.

The person claiming the most attention was the prisoner. He sat with head bowed low, seemingly lifeless, except every little while when the doors opened or shut to glance up with startled, wild, hunted eyes. One could see he was frightened, terrified, broken-spirited. His attorney seldom spoke to him, knowing there was nothing he could do to ease his mind. They must wait.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, the jury walked into the room. A silence, an awful silence, prevailed the room as they stood before the court—the silence of death. The prosecuting attorney's heart leaped high. Every juror had deliberately passed the cringing prisoner without looking at him. It meant, yes, it surely meant——

"Has the jury arrived at a decision?" asked the judge.

"We have," answered the foreman. "Guilty in the first degree." He stepped up with calm dignity and handed the death sheet to the judge respectfully. Down among the spectators a woman began to cry softly. No other sound was heard. The prisoner stared at the jury with open mouth and dull eyes. He did not seem to catch the full meaning of it for almost a minute. Suddenly he jumped to his feet turning toward the jury pleadingly, his eyes shining brightly. He opened his mouth to speak but seemed to catch himself. He squared his shoulders, lifted his head proudly, and stood looking at the court—then he fell to the floor, senseless.

The prosecuting attorney was at his side an instant after the lawyer. Together they turned him over and raised him to a sitting position. Suddenly the attorney dropped his hold and fell back a step or two. His color went whiter than the prisoner's. He lifted the doomed man's face and stared at it with horrified eyes. He lifted the man's right hand; then he stood up shaking and looked wildly around.

"My son!" he muttered, "my son!"





When Light Dawned

By Irene Guernsey.

ELIZABETH sat down amid a roar of applause. Every member of the Woman's Club pressed forward, eager to congratulate and praise her.

"It was splendid, Elizabeth!"

"Just what was needed!"

"If we had a few more such enthusiastic workers we shouldn't have anything to fear for the election!" These and many other exclamations reached her ears. At last the crowd drifted away and Elizabeth was left with a few of her most intimate friends.

"Oh, if I were only like you," sighed little Marjorie Ware. I don't see how you can get up and make such perfectly beautiful speeches and you are supporting such a fine candidate, too. Everyone knows it was through his influence we got equal rights here. He is so handsome, too."

The rest laughed. "Come home and spend the evening with me, Elizabeth," asked Mrs. Lane.

"No, thank you, dear, I promised to meet Robert and go up to Catherine's. Catherine is a perfect dear, but since she's married she has lost all her interest in politics. And I simply must get her interested in this election. Good-bye."

"Poor old Robert," sighed Mrs. Lane. "It's certainly hard on him."

Robert was waiting outside and the two set off for Catherine's.

"It was such a fine meeting," Elizabeth began eagerly, "so much enthusiasm. Judge Randolph *must* be elected mayor. I wish I could get Catherine interested."

Robert made no answer and they walked on silently. Finally he burst out:

"Confound it all, Elizabeth, when are you going to get over this political craze? Look at Catherine. See how happy she is. Doesn't her kind of life look more worth while to you? Why, little——"

"Please don't, Robert," pleaded Elizabeth, and they walked on silently again.



It was growing dusk now and the stars were coming out. One by one lights were turned on here and there. There were a few subdued twitters from drowsy birds and a faint fragrance from the flowers. There was no wind; only the quivering breezes of a summer's night.

When they reached Catherine's little bungalow it was quite dark. The door stood open and Robert and Elizabeth went up the steps without a word. At the top they both involuntarily stopped to take in the view before them.

Catherine was seated by the table with Buster, the smaller boy, upon her lap, while Douglas, two years older, stood by her side. The light from the shaded lamp on the table threw a soft radiance over the little group. Catherine was saying:

"Once upon a time there lived a very wicked man named Bluebeard——"

"Did he really an' truly have a blue beard?" Douglas interrupted, and the two little faces were raised questioningly to the mother's.

Elizabeth laid her hand softly on Robert's arm and drew him down the steps.

"We'll not interrupt her, Bobby," she whispered, and as they walked slowly and silently toward home Robert chuckled slyly and knowingly to himself.

The Line Fence

By Elizabeth Farquhar.

T WAS the same old story—a story to which has been traced the beginning of more than one deadly feud—a story which has caused more bitter feelings and more harsh words than any other story in all the curriculum of human events—the story of a line fence.

Heinrich Honeteschlager was not a profane man, as the world goes. On the other hand, he had the name of being the most discreet man and stanchest pillar of the church in all that country-side. True, he sometimes forgot himself and said, "Ach, himmel!" and sometimes even "Jesus Marias!" But what is that? Merely a manly way of saying "Pshaw!" Therefore, let me repeat that Heinrich Honeteschlager was not a profane man.

Seldom if ever, and then only on state occasions, did he work himself up to that pitch where he forgot all about that fourth commandment, which

TAMARACK.

says, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain!" But when he did—look out for Heinrich! At those times his eloquence often got the better of his judgment.

So it was today. He swore steadily—fearfully—for an hour! But at last he paused a moment in his raging up and down to examine once more the scrap of paper he held in his hand. It was soiled and crumpled, and the writing thereon was almost illegible. With difficulty Heinrich made out the following:

"Mister Honetslager, Esq.

Deer Sire: I rite to you to tell you i am a onest man. i never rob nobody therefore i will not let nobody rob me. Your fence is just ten feet off the line thereby robing me of ten good feet of meadow. Your fence is so old it is rotten. Tomorrow i will start on a good new fence which will be on the line. i will do the work—you will pay for the stug.—Cyras B. Flintskinner."

"Like fun I will!" said Heinrich Honeteschlager, and embellished it with a rare old Dutch oath that fairly made your hair curl. This was a state occasion!

That night Heinrich slept little or none at all. Like the rest of his brother countrymen, he was slow to anger, but when that anger was once fully aroused it grew like a fire before the blast. Old Cyras Flintskinner would build a good new fence across the meadow, would he? And he, Heinrich Honeteschlager, would pay for the material of said fence, at the same time giving a strip of good meadow-land ten feet wide and extending the entire length of the meadow? Yes, he would not! That fence was on the line and it would stay there or his name was not Heinrich Honeteschlager!

The first faint beams of morning found him out in the open, wandering aimlessly about, trying to think of something besides that hateful letter and its more hateful author. But it was of no avail! Some unexplainable, irresistible force seemed to draw him down through the meadow, down to the old line fence.

Heinrich was an artist! He loved the picturesque, and his wrath returned tenfold as he stood for a moment at the edge and watched the blue mist roll slowly up from the meadow, leaving it, like a great ever-changing emerald, sparkling in the morning sunlight. That, with the old snake fence, gray with age, winding its lazy way in and out, in and out, across its shining bosom. A scene that no true artist could resist! It would be a shame to

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spoil it with a new fence. It would be more than a shame, it would be a sin! That fence had to stay there!

Then Heinrich thought of the many wrongs he had suffered at the hands of his neighbor, of the many times he had given in to avoid a quarrel. He knew, as did every other person for miles around, that Cyrus B. Flintskinner was the meanest man in all New England; that his one aim in life was to gather and hoard "the long green." He also knew that Cyrus would stoop to anything to obtain this coveted cash. Had he not robbed widows and orphans of their last crusts of bread that he might add to his fortune? He had! And Heinrich saw clearly how he proposed to rob him for the same purpose. The hay crop was light this year, and every ton of golden grain would be worth its weight in gold the coming fall. A strip of land ten feet wide and full length of the best meadow in the state was not to be despised! Once more Heinrich broke the fourth commandment!

But the summer sun shone warm and bright; and the fresh morning air was good to breathe; and the meadow-larks sang sweetly!

"'Tis a good old world, after all," mused Heinrich half aloud, after he had been standing—he knew not how long—with arms resting on the old rail fence, gazing with unseeing eyes out across the verdant meadow. "A good old world," he repeated. "Too good to waste the time in idle strife. What's a strip of land more or less?"

That period of wild, raging, blood-thirsty anger was over. Now came the time of cool thinking, careful weighing, like a calm after a fearful storm at sea. A moment more and Heinrich Honeteschlager, swayed by the peace-laden breeze, would have forgotten his vows and submitted to one more outrage at the hands of his neighbor, when:

"Get off my land!"

In that moment the fate of the old line fence was decided. Heinrich awoke with a start, to find himself staring down the gleaming barrel of a rifle, at the other end of which two small, sharp, cruel eyes blinked threateningly. For a moment he stood as if paralyzed. Then he broke forth in a tirade so terrible, so awful, that his earlier blasphemy seemed almost religiously proper as compared to it.

"You dirty, stingy, miserly dog, you!" he concluded. "You will try to dictate to me, will you? Not if I know myself. That fence is on the line, and it's going to stay there! Do you hear me, you cur?"

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Cyras had lowered his gun at the beginning of the outbreak, and stood with eyes and mouth wide open in astonishment. Was this the mild-tempered man he had always known as Heinrich Honeteschlager? Impossible! This was some strange, raging creature! Possibly some escaped lunatic! At any rate, Cyras decided that it would be best not to cross him, and above all, not to appear frightened. With an almost pitiful attempt at bravery he drew himself together and prepared for instantaneous, yet seemly flight.

"We'll see, sir," he said, in a thin, trembling voice, as Heinrich paused for a moment to regain his breath. "We'll see." With that he shouldered his gun and marched away.

It was Heinrich's turn now to stare in open-mouthed amazement. What could have gotten into the old man? He'd never done that before. Was it a declaration of war, or was it—no. Heinrich felt certain that he would fight to a finish. Cyras B. Flintskinner was not the man to back out.

"Get off my land!"

The interloper this time was a mere lad—a lad with the adventurous light of twenty in his eyes and a pleasing smile on his lips. There was something in that frank, open face that drew Heinrich to the boy as he stood there in exact imitation of old Flintskinner.

"Some Boston lad who has run up for a few hours' fishing between trains," thought Heinrich, as he measured the boy with a satisfied glance.

"Why don't you get mad?" chided the lad. "I'm gettin' tired! 'Sides, I've got to hurry if I have much time at the 'Hole'!"

Heinrich laughed a hearty laugh that would have done any pessimist good to hear.

"Boy," he said, in that rich Dutch brogue of his, as he motioned toward his house, just visible through the willows, "let the 'Hole' go hanged today. It will keep 'till next time. But," and he paused suggestively, "there's a hundred dollars up there at the house waiting for the man that keeps this fence where it is."

Gerard Nathan was an artist, too, and more than that, the proposition appealed to that light in his eyes.

"I'm on," he laughed back. "I'll call for the money in just twenty minutes." And he swung over the old rail fence and plowed through the waist-high grain toward the lion's lair.

Heinrich followed the youth with a pleased look in his eyes until the



opposite bank of willows swallowed him up. Then he made his way back to the house, there to write a check for one hundred dollars.

Twenty minutes by the clock passed and Gerard Nathan called for his reward. Heinrich handed the check over without a word of protest when the lad's story was done, and to this day he insists that he got the best of the bargain.

Be that as it may, ten minutes or so later a very breathless lad swung himself upon the platform of the last coach as the train pulled out for Boston.

"I wonder what the governor will say when he finds out his cash is short ten thousand and the only thing he's got to show for it is the best meadow ranch in America?" he chuckled to himself as he made his way forward; and a moment later many weary travelers joined in his merry laugh as he remembered the expression on old Flintskinner's face when he had told him that the old line fence was to stay where it was!

An Original Story

By Christine Cremans.

AN ORIGINAL story for Tuesday," says the English instructor, and from the throats of thirty Seniors there assembled arose thirty gusty sighs. "An original story for Tuesday." Her tone is pleasantly conversational, as of one who says, "Nice weather we're having nowadays."

An original story, indeed! You think of all the men and women who have been writing since the dawn of creation. Cain and Abel may have achieved originality when they attended the Ararat County High School, you think, though history doesn't mention it. But Solomon in his wisdom gave it up. "There is no new thing under the sun," quoth he some twenty-odd centuries ago. And then all the others who have kept hacking away at it, anyway! From Homer to Kipling, from Sappho to Mary J. Holmes, to the last cub reporter, they have used up every plot and sub-plot that human ingenuity can conceive of; they have worn every word in the human language threadbare. And yet, in this year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirteen, thirty young and jejune seniors are asked to produce thirty original stories.

Ah, well! Tuesday is a week away. You go on about your business, and for a time you are able to forget the horror of that story. Saturday

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you remember it uneasily. Sunday it comes back again, like the traditional cat. Monday comes and goes. It is Monday evening and you settle down with a grim determination to do or die. You roll up your sleeves, you take a new pen and a piece of virgin paper—then outside you hear a cheerful “Hoo! Hoo! Come on, Kid, the skating’s dandy tonight.” It is your junior chum, who, as yet, knows not the terrors of original stories. You hesitate and you are lost. “If you waken, call me early, mother dear,” is your last conscious thought as you scramble wearily to bed. You arise betimes and struggle desperately with obstinate clothes and hair that positively refuses to go up properly. Then, with one eye on the clock and the other on your paper, you write. Frantically and desperately you write. Your brain refuses to act properly; you have not the faintest idea of what you are writing, and when it is done neither you nor anyone else can read it. But the deed is done at last. It is time for the warning bell to ring as you gallop down the street with a hastily-snatched-up breakfast in one hand and that original story in the other.

I heard an original story once. It happened like this: A shark senior was asked by her doting aunt to render the story of Aeneas in her own words. This is what she said:

“Well, it was this way. You see, there was a geik named Aeneas, who was the main guy with the Trojans. Juno got sore at him, so they all had to glom theirs and beat it. They circulated around until they came to Carthage, where they decided to stick around awhile. Dido, the queen, got an awful case on Aeneas, so they had a snap for awhile. But the pesky gods butted in again and told Aeneas to make tracks over to Italy. He tried to sneak away, but Dido got wind of it and nearly tore his can off. He handed her the lemon, however, and she, considering herself properly stung, cashed in her checks. Her dying message to Aeneas was, ‘Cutie, who tied your tie?’ ”





The Crucifix

By Eva Hansen.

CHAPTER I.

IT WAS a bitter cold December morning in one of the mountain districts of Maine. The atmosphere was laden with a gray mist that made one shudder and long for a cheerful fire. The mountain peaks, with their thick covering of soft snow, towered above the landscape in majestic dignity, winter's monarchs robed in ermine. A little stream which seemed to descend from the horizon wound its way down the mountain-side, making a dark path against the snowy whiteness of the background. In the sky heavy gray clouds were beginning to form, giving promise of more snow.

In one of the valleys, sheltered by these mountains, lay the little village of Brownville. Its inhabitants were prepared for winter, for on all the cottages were storm doors and windows, and while the snow that drifted around the fences and gates reminded one that winter was on, the smoke that curled out of every chimney suggested that indoors all was snug and warm.

From the door of one of the houses came a little girl of seven or eight years. She was dressed in a fur coat and wore a red tam-o'-shanter, red mittens, and heavy overshoes. For a while she played around in the yard with her dog, but growing tired of this, took her pet by the collar and walked out of the gate, following the road that led up the hill. She had not gone far when the snow began to come down in large flakes, some of which clung to her coat. She stopped to examine them, and on finding a new shape laughed in glee, disclosing a row of pearly teeth. A passerby would have looked twice at this beautiful child with her long curls, large blue eyes fringed with long lashes, and her fair face tinted with a delicate red.

The girl trudged on until she came to a large flat rock, and seating herself on it gazed around. Suddenly her attention was attracted by the barking of the dog. She hastily arose and went over to the place where he was sniffing around.

There, lying in the snow, was a man numb with cold. The little girl did not understand this, but nevertheless she did not remain idle. She grasped the cold hand in hers and rubbed it gently. The figure moved slightly and the girl, too small to comprehend the good she was doing, kept on rubbing.



After a short time the man opened his eyes. For an instant, overcome by his condition, he lay still. Then, yet holding on to the girl's hand, he raised himself to a sitting posture. He gazed blankly around and finally asked:

"Ah, my pet, how did you get here; and what is your name?"

"My name is Nancy Campbell," replied the child, "and I came from way down there."

The man glanced in the direction in which she pointed, but saw nothing, as they were too far up on the hill to see the village.

"I do not see anything," he said. "But what made you come up here?"

Nancy, forgetting her shyness by this time, began to converse freely.

"I live with my uncle and aunt. I haven't any papa or mamma. They died long time ago. I used to have a different name, but auntie changed it so nobody would know who my papa and mamma were, because I heard her say so. She was sewing and I got tired of playing and came up here. What is your name?"

"Well," answered the man, "I don't know as I have any name, but you may just call me Jim."

"You look as if you were cold, Jim," she ventured, "and if you want to you can have my coat." She started to take off the coat she wore.

"No, no, I will be warm in a few minutes." But already he was becoming exhausted. His breath came in short gasps, as he lay there listening to the girl's detailed description of herself and parents as far as she knew. At last he could sit up no longer and fell backwards on the snow. Nancy was frightened and called wildly for her aunt.

An hour had passed since Nancy left home, and she was missed.

Mrs. Campbell called repeatedly, but received no answer. Nancy seldom ran away, and she felt worried. As a last resort she went to her husband.

"John," she exclaimed, "I simply can't find Nancy anywhere. What if her father has found out where she is and has secretly taken her away? Hurry and put your coat on so we can hunt for her. A storm is coming, too, and it will be much harder to find her. We must not let her get away from us."

As Mrs. Campbell had said, a storm was approaching, and as they bolted the door behind them a gust of wind blew the snowflakes into their face.

CHAPTER II.

Nancy's screams had been heard at last. A man who had an errand

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on the hill was suddenly disturbed by cries of distress. He hastened his steps and rushed in the direction from whence they came. To his intense surprise he discovered Nancy, with whom he was well acquainted, seated beside a strange figure crying lustily.

"What is the trouble, Nancy?" he inquired.

Nancy poured out her tale of woe.

"I came up here and saw this man. He was so cold. I talked to him, but he wouldn't listen very long and then he went to sleep and left me all by myself. Won't you carry him to my house, Mr. Ranton?"

"I will have to take him to my house; it is nearer."

"May I come and see him?" she asked.

"You had better let me take you home first, as your aunt and uncle will be looking for you. If they give you permission, you may come."

So saying, Mr. Ranton placed the cold body over his shoulder and retraced his steps. At the bottom of the hill the two were met by Nancy's relatives. The girl was taken home by her aunt, while Mr. Campbell assisted Mr. Ranton with his burden.

Jim, as we shall call him, opened his eyes after the two men had worked over him several hours. He was too weak to talk or move, and lay as one in a stupor. By the second day he was no better, and Mrs. and Mr. Ranton both insisted that he remain there. Nancy came to see him every day. She made it very pleasant for him by her childlike simplicity and frankness. When she had ended her fourth visit he made a motion to his host, bidding him come to his bedside. Mr. Ranton did so, and was asked to tell as much of the girl's history as he knew. Jim seemed to be satisfied with what little his host told him, although it was supposed to be merely a rumor. He lay thinking for nearly half an hour, and finally aroused himself to say:

"Please bring me a pencil, some paper, and a small box, and leave me alone for a while."

His host did as he was requested and withdrew. Jim now began a curious proceeding. He took from his pocket two gold crucifixes which were exactly the same. He wrote a name and an address on a small slip of paper, and pressing a hidden spring which disclosed a hollow space in the crucifix, he placed the paper in it. He then took a larger sheet of paper and wrote for quite a length of time. Part of the time he sobbed like a child, with an expression of shame mingled with sadness on his face. At length he finished,



put the large sheet of paper with the other crucifix and wrapped it securely in the box. He addressed it to New York. Calling Mr. Ranton, he requested him to have it mailed.

Later in the day Nancy came to see him and went directly to his bedside. He handed her the crucifix wrapped in paper and told her never to let her aunt or uncle see it.

"Oh, Jim! I am going far, far away with my aunt. I will never see you any more. But I will always remember you. Now I will sing the song I promised you."

As she sang Jim eyed her sadly. When she had finished two verses his features suddenly became illuminated with a strange smile, such as she had never seen before. Forcing himself on his elbows he held out his arms to her. She rushed to him, but was held only for an instant. His hold relaxed, and with a spasmodic cough he fell back on the pillows—dead.

CHAPTER III.

The Oaks was a fashionable banquet hall in Madison Square. The floors were carpeted with costly rugs and the furniture was of mahogany. Magnificent vases of cut glass glittered on the tables. Everything bespoke of grandeur.

Toward eight o'clock richly-clad men and women began to arrive. Among the guests was a well-dressed noble-featured young man. His eyes had the expression of one who has been searching all his life for something. He had a high forehead, well-shaped nose, firm lines about the mouth, and a strong chin. He lacked nothing in refinement, either in dress or manners. Even though there was much dancing, and feasting to diverge his thoughts, his eyes always wore the same longing, restless look.

One of the musicians, a light-complexioned girl of about seventeen, especially attracted his attention. She had light hair and blue eyes. He watched every movement she made, and once as she was passing by him he gazed full into her face, making her blush and feel rather uncomfortable. She moved past him, but as she did so a shining object fell from her person to the floor. He hastily picked it up, glanced at it quickly, and with a hysterical laugh ran over to her and nearly dragged her into an adjoining room. From his pocket he brought forth a small box. Unwrapping it, he placed the contents against the shining object which he had found on the floor. They proved to be two crucifixes exactly the same. The young man also took a sheet of paper from the box and spread it before the girl. She read as follows:

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"Dear Son: You have been told by your guardians that your father died when you were small. This is all a mistake, as I am your father. I will explain. Fifteen years ago I married Bessie Bateman, your lawful mother. We lived together seven years, you then being over five and your sister six months old. On divorcing your mother you both were, by the law, placed in her care. I rebelled against this and wanted revenge. I hired a man and woman to kidnap you, but later repented of my rash act and went in search of you. I learned that you had been placed in the care of a respectable family and that your sister had been kept by the kidnappers. They know I am on their trail, and loving her too dearly to give her up, will leave the village in which they reside shortly. I am too sick to follow them any longer, and it is my dying wish that you will some day claim your sister.

"I have two crucifixes which are exactly the same. They are precious heirlooms and made of gold. They both contain a secret spring by which they may be opened, revealing an open space. In one I have placed the name and address of my will executors and given it to your sister without the knowledge of her guardians. In yours is a picture of your mother by which you may find your sister, as they look very much alike. Hunt until death, if necessary, to find her. When she is found explain everything to her and go to the address named on the slip of paper and you will both receive a large fortune. Do not let the love of money alone guide you in this. God bless you in your undertaking, my son. Farewell.

"JIM TOOLE.

"P. S.—Her present name is Nancy Campbell."

Words cannot express how surprised Nancy was while reading the letter. She laughed and cried at the same time. When she had finished she pressed the spring on the crucifix, and true enough, she found the paper with her father's lawyer's name and address inside. To think that she could call at their office and become rich in a minute seemed hardly plausible to her dazed senses. Still laughing and crying, she embraced her brother again and again.

"How happy I am to know that now I can live in comfort and luxury, but best of all, I have found my brother."





My Sensible Chum

By Curtis Shoemaker.

WHEN I was a Junior at Westmore University I had more than my share of good, true friends, but with none was I so intimate as with Dick Walker. He was my room-mate. For nearly three long years we had lived there in the boys' dormitory, and the storms we had safely weathered together were many.

If Dick was my closest friend, he was also in many ways the most remarkable young fellow at the college. There was nothing that he turned his hand or his head to that he could not do. He was tackle on the football team and captain of the baseball team. His achievements in an intellectual line were even greater. He always stood well toward the front of his classes, and had gained many a victory for the old school on the debating team. His self-confidence was proverbial among the under-classmen; yet I cannot say that he was conceited, for a conceited person is invariably selfish, and selfishness was the last thing Dick would ever be accused of.

Of course he was popular. The fellows all liked him for his jolly good nature and respected him for his athletic prowess. And many a fair co-ed have I seen gazing with favor upon his stalwart figure and handsome face. But all in vain! Dick was as cold as an icicle when it came to anything like sentiment. It was not that he feared the fair sex, for he did not. But he just didn't bother his head about them any more than if they were not in existence.

I remember one warm, Spring night after lights were off when we sat at our open window gazing out across the moonlit campus. I had just been telling him about Ruth, and how dear she was to me. Ruth was—well, never mind; it is enough to say that she is now my wife. He had looked me over with an amused, rather paternal kind of air, as if I were the victim of some harmless, but troublesome malady, and had said in tones that made me fairly boil over with impotent rage, "Oh, forget it, Bert, I hate to see you make such an idiot of yourself. To think of an infant like you talking of such things as marriage!"

"I suppose you intend to remain a bachelor and a woman-hater all your life," I replied with considerable heat. "Well, go ahead. I wish you happiness. But my honest opinion is that the older you grow, the sourer you'll get."

"You're mistaken if you think I'm going to remain single," he said pomp-

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pously. "Ten years from now, when I am mature in mind and judgment, I am going to get married. But the girl of my choice must have certain qualifications—mental, moral, and physical—which I consider essential to a happy marriage, and I intend to decide only after careful deliberation. Now, I would never think of going with one of these pale, ethereal, society creatures who are forever eating bon-bons and drinking chocolate. My choice must be healthy and strong, and be able to do her own housework. Again, I would never think of marrying a girl who was a blode, for you know I am light-haired myself, and all scientists agree that a blonde should always marry a brunette."

"Well, you're just about the coldest piece of humanity I ever had the misfortune to encounter," I told him in disgust. "And I suppose the marvel of perfection you happen to take a fancy to—I really don't believe you capable of any stronger feeling—wouldn't have a word to say about the matter, now, would she?"

Ignoring my outburst he continued with dignity, "I suppose you are happy in your hallucinations, Bert, old man, and I won't say a word to disturb them. I'd like to fall in love myself, for that matter, if I did not see the foolishness of it all. I agree with one of those old philosophers, I forget who it was, who has said, 'Gladly would I light the flame of Love, but Wisdom has stolen all her oil'."

"Yes," said I, "and I pity you. Good-night."

It was only a few days after this conversation that the annual Junior Prom took place. This was one of the greatest events of the year at Westmore, and nearly everybody was going, except, of course, the poor, oppressed Freshmen, who knew that to show their faces at such an affair meant complete and ignominious extermination.

I had tried every means to induce Dick to attend. I had reasoned with him, I had pleaded with him, but all to no avail. He cared, he said, nothing about such things, did not believe in dancing, and moreover would not countenance it by looking on. So at last I had given up in despair.

At seven o'clock on the important night, when I was in my room struggling with a stubborn collar and a refractory tie, I was called down stairs to the office telephone, and recognized Ruth's voice over the wire.

"Bert," she said excitedly, "my cousin Ianthe McCormick has just come in from the country. You must get her an escort for the dance tonight, or I won't be able to go myself. I would not think of going off and leaving her alone. I haven't seen her for years."



"I certainly will get her an escort, then," I assured her, "for I'm determined you're not going to miss the fun. Don't worry. We'll be there."

Then I raced back up the stairs to my room and collared Dick. I told him how things stood, and begged him, for my sake, for Ruth's sake, and for the sake of the poor little country cousin, to agree to be the much-needed escort. So at last it came about that he consented.

A short time afterward we were shown into the parlor I had learned to love so well. I looked at Dick. He was as calm and unconcerned as if it were a habit of his to lounge in a handsomely furnished room, waiting for an introduction to a young lady to whom he would have to devote a considerable part of the evening. I detected a slight expression of boredom in his eye.

But this expression instantly changed to one of surprise as the girls came into the room. Ruth looked as exquisitely beautiful as ever, but it was the young person with her who occasioned Dick's look of astonishment. She certainly did not look as if she were fresh from the country. Her tall and slender figure, overtopped by a huge mass of flaxen hair, was gowned in a creation which must have come direct from Paris, for I had never seen a dress so elegantly odd as this one. Her eyes were calm and expressionless; her set mouth, her firm but delicately chiseled chin told of a will power almost masculine. Her manner as she greeted us was one of languid indifference. I had looked for a flash of admiration in her eyes as she was introduced to Dick, for a finer specimen of young American manhood would be hard to find, but I was disappointed. Her eyes remained as inscrutable as ever. I began to have a desire to visit the particular spot in the country where she had come from.

"I suppose you have read of Mr. Walker in the papers," Ruth said to her after the introduction. "You know, Ianthé, that he was chosen for right tackle on the All-American football team last year. In fact, he is the best known person in college, isn't he, Bert? Even better than President Millson himself, I should say."

The haughty young lady turned toward Dick. "Indeed!" she remarked in a voice full of disapprobation. "Football is such a brutal sport as they play it in America. It can't begin to compare with the Rugby game played in England, which calls for quicker thinking as well as greater speed and cleverness."

Dick suddenly became interested. He looked at her with surprise and a trifle of curiosity. This was the first girl he had ever met who had not gone into ecstasies over his football record.

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"So you have been in England, have you, Miss McCormick?" he said inquiringly.

"Yes," she answered casually, "I have visited there several times with mama on our way to and from Paris."

Just then the arrival of the carriage to the fete put an end to all further conversation for the time being. During the ride to Fraternity Hall, where the dance was held, Ruth and I supplied the most of the conversation. Dick did not talk in his usual light-hearted way, and I wondered if it could be because he had taken so great a dislike to our new acquaintance.

As soon as we reached the hall, I took Ruth aside and demanded an immediate explanation. "Do you mean to tell me that this is your country cousin?" I said in profound bewilderment. "She looks and acts as if she had been brought up in Boston by a maiden aunt."

Ruth was perplexed for a moment and then she burst into a ringing laugh. "Why, silly," she exclaimed, "I didn't tell you she was my country cousin. I said she had just come in from the country, and she has. She has just been spending a week at their country home. They have been having a house party down there."

The light was breaking in at last.

"Moreover," she continued, "her home is not Boston, but New York. Her father is McCormick, the bath-tub trust man. You didn't know I had such rich relatives, did you?"

I was destined to still more surprises before the evening was far gone. At first Dick played the part of a wall flower. Then I noticed him sitting out a dance with Miss McCormick. They were talking, and I thought Miss Ianthe was furnishing more than her share of the conversation, while Dick seemed to be listening with interest. And then I could hardly believe my eyes—they were dancing!

That was the greatest of all surprises. It did not surprise me to find that Dick could dance, and dance well, for I had learned by experience that there were not many things he could not do, but it did surprise me to see him dancing after he had solemnly declared to me he did not believe in it. That did not seem like Dick at all.

Well, as the evening wore on, he continued to dance, the greater part of the time with the haughty Ianthe, and I grew more and more disgusted with his actions until the orchestra played "Home, Sweet Home," and we left the bril-

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liantly lighted ball-room for the darkness of the carriage once more. On the return it was Dick and his companion who did the greater part of the talking. Miss McCormick spoke of the affair as rather pleasant, but "horribly tame." Dick agreed most solemnly. She criticized the gown worn by plump Mrs. Millson, the president's wife; Dick conceded that he knew nothing of dresses, but that her costume had seemed rather vulgar to him. She spoke of the last ball she had attended in New York; Dick expressed the fear that our little college events must seem terribly bourgeois to her after such an affair as that must have been.

And so it went on. I raged inwardly. I did not know what was the matter with my chum, but I did know that I wanted most strongly to give him a good hard blow between the eyes. Perhaps it would wake him up and bring him to his senses again.

On the way to the dormitory that night I said not a word. Neither did Dick, but he looked at me rather defiantly, and seemed disconcerted because I did not speak. "Well, this is the end of the matter, anyway," I thought, "what's the use of saying any more about it?"

But I was sadly mistaken. It was not the end of the matter. Two evenings later Dick again put on his best suit, and in answer to my inquiring look, he said sheepishly, "I have Miss McCormick's permission to call on her."

I failed to make any remark, and he glared at me fiercely. I believe his conscience was troubling him. Think of it—Dick, who was usually as cool as a cucumber!

I don't think it's worth while lingering over the awful details. It went on that way for three weeks, with Dick spending fabulous sums for flowers, bon-bons, and theatre-boxes, and treating me more like a deadly enemy than a chum of three college years. And I had never spoken a word in opposition.

Then it was that the blow fell. One afternoon Ruth, who liked her aristocratic cousin no more than I did, called me up over the telephone.

"Tell your friend, Mr. Walker," she said, "that if he wishes to see Ianthe again his last chance is to go to the P. & N. depot at 5:30 this afternoon. She had intended to stay a week longer, but she suddenly changed her mind because, she says, she found it so dull here. I'll not say I'm not glad of it, though. I hope she will find it lively enough where she is going."

Then it was that I hastened upstairs, three steps at a time, to break the news to Dick. "Old fellow," I told him, "there's a friend of yours leaving on the 5:30 train this afternoon. You ought to go down and see her off."



"Her?" he said quickly. "Who is it?"

"Miss McCormick," said I. "She found it so dull here."

He didn't speak for a full minute, but he took his medicine like a man. At last he said, with his voice dismal and hard and cold, "So she is leaving, is she? And without saying good-bye. Well, I rather guess I'll not go down to see her off. Bert, I thought more of that girl than I ever will think of any other. My life from this time on will be a void. I will never——"

At this point I interrupted him. "Oh, you'll get over it," I said with a knowing air. "What business has an infant like you to talk of love? Wait until you are ten years older, and your judgment is mature, and"—but here a shoe, thrown with deadly precision, put a sudden end to my well meant remarks.

Finis de l'Histoire de l'Amour.

Dan's Chance

By William Wilson.

UP FROM Cut Bank, winding through the canyons, twisting and turning this way and that, but ever climbing, the huge engine was dragging its long, snakelike train up the mountains.

With eyes closed to mere slits and face distorted from the terrible heat and glare, the fireman was throwing coal onto the white, hissing fire. For three hours of the long summer afternoon he had kept it up, ton after ton, watching the shovelfuls of black dust turn red, then white, then melt away like snow, while the unsated beast roared for more, more, always for more. For three hours he had worked, not with the long, even strokes of the tireless fireman, but feverishly, falteringly, weakly, for the terrible strain had been too much.

He slammed the fire door and stood erect. The engineer shot a quick glance across at him as he stood, leaning heavily against the side of the cab, gasping for breath.

"Dan," the engineer said, not unkindly, "you can't stand it. Some day you'll break down on this run. Better try and get something lighter or you'll go to pieces, sure."

Dan turned wearily.

TAMARACK.

"Yes," he agreed, "I know it's killing me. But I can't quit now. You know what I'm working for. I've got to stick it out."

McDonald nodded understandingly but without reply, and Dan turned to his never-ending task, seemingly more terrible this day than ever before. He picked up his shovel and threw open the fire door. Instantly the sharp, sulphurous vapors of the back-draft puffed into his face, making him choke and gasp for breath. The scorching heat sent white streaks down his coal-begrimed face. He realized that the limit of his endurance was nearly reached. McDonald glanced across and whistled doubtfully to himself.

Farther and farther up they climbed, the monster engine dragging its long train of whining, protesting cars after it. On the sides of the mountain above them were patches of cool-looking snow. The pines and firs on the hills waved in the wind, but in the canyon the hot, heavy air was motionless. An icy mountain stream raced along beside the track and Dan looked longingly at it as he gulped the lukewarm water of the tender.

Strange thoughts born of his overstrained body came into his mind and he could not drive them away. The engine was trying to wear him out, to defeat him, pitting its four hundred tons of clanking steel against his trembling muscles, using every unfair means to keep its advantage. The hoarse roar of the exhaust seemed a laugh at his weakness, the whistle shrieked a triumphant mockery. The white fire with the exhaust singing through it swam before his eyes. When he looked away black blotches floated in the air and the drunken mountains reeled before him.

A jerk of the engine sent him weakly to his knees. His strength was nearly gone now and he wanted to lie still, but he staggered gamely to his feet. His head seemed bursting, sharp pains ran through his arms and back, and the hot band around his forehead was slowly tightening. The shovelful of coal were very heavy and he could not throw them to the back of the fire-box. But one thought kept repeating itself in his mind, "I mustn't quit, I mustn't quit," and blindly and painfully he struggled on against the exalting brute with its mocking hiss and roar.

Mercifully the summit was reached at last and Dan collapsed weakly into his seat. McDonald climbed down with his long oil can and the conductor came up, whistling cheerily, and went into the little station. A moment later he came out with two white order sheets. McDonald took his copy and climbed into the cab. Dan noticed that the orders required them to pass the Oriental Limited at Skyland, three miles below.

TAMARACK

Dan had now a temporary relief from work and he sprawled out in his seat, trying to get rested for the two hours still before him. His whole body ached, everything seemed dizzy and far away. "Only a weakling," he groaned, "but I've got to keep it up; I can't quit, I mustn't quit."

The train gathered speed rapidly and when it struck the heavy down-grade McDonald shut off steam and threw on the airbrakes, slightly at first and then harder as the grade increased.

They had gone over a mile and were running rapidly down the heavy grade when suddenly there was a sharp hiss of escaping air. The train instantly slowed down until it nearly stopped, stood almost motionless for a moment, then its speed began to increase rapidly.

McDonald with a puzzled look threw on the water-brakes, but they had no effect on the heavy train. With an exclamation he worked the lever rapidly for a moment. There was an answering hiss, but the brakes did not go on. The speed was increasing every moment. McDonald grasped the whistle-cord and wailed out the long, mournful "defective brakes" signal. Then he turned to Dan.

"Brakes," he said quietly. "You'd better jump. You can't do anything here."

Dan shook his head but he walked to the gangway and looked down upon the cinder roadbed. Already their speed was terrific, for, once beyond control on the steep grades of the Rockies, a train becomes a maddened, twisting monster, hurling itself into curves, roaring over swaying trestles, writhing and plunging in its wild rebellion against the puny men who have held it captive.

Dan was shaking and trembling with excitement and his breath came painfully in short gasps. He turned for a last look at his companion. McDonald was sitting in his place like a statue, gazing stiffly ahead, his face white under the grime. Dan saw that he must have given up all hope and a lump came into his throat at the thought of McDonald going down to his death alone with that grim smile on his lips. McDonald turned and saw Dan staring at him.

"For God's sake, jump," he cried. "It will be too late in a minute."

Beyond all hope of control now, maddened by its first taste of liberty, the train rushed through Skyland and took the next curve at a dangerously high speed. From below came the angry, snarling sound of the wheels calling for blood. They made Dan think of the long train of Pullmans hurrying so proudly and confidently towards them and of the terrible scene in the narrow canyon when the two monsters crashed into each other.

TAMARACK.

He turned to the gangway. Looking backwards at the red, swaying train he saw a brakeman hang for a moment from the hand-rail of a car and then jump. He rolled over and over in the soft cinders, lay still for a moment, then scrambled to his feet, apparently uninjured. Dan could do the same thing. He must save himself for the sake of the mother he was toiling to care for. But for some reason he wanted to stay with McDonald, sitting so quietly in his place. He had much to live for also.

Suddenly McDonald leaped into life. "The derailing switch!" he cried, and Dan understood. A quarter of a mile ahead was a derailing switch that was never locked. If some one could throw it open——

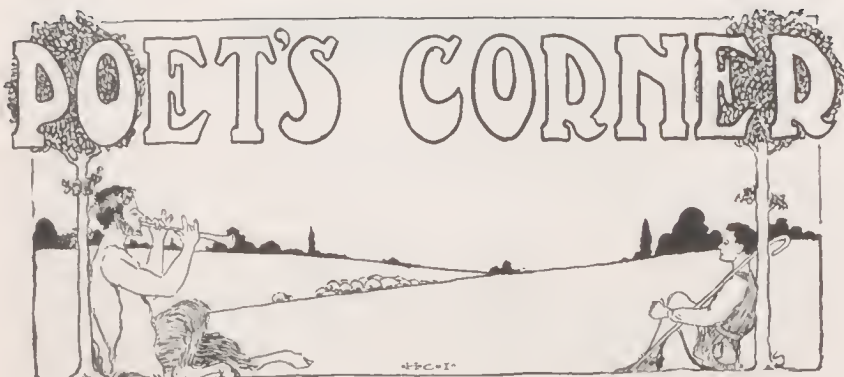
McDonald spoke again. "It's your chance," he said, and Dan nodded. He would wreck their train before they reached the Limited. They lunged around the last curve and the switch flashed into sight with cruel granite rocks strewn about it. To jump there seemed almost certain death. He could jump with some hope of safety a few rods beyond. The risk seemed too great and he drew back.

"It's your chance, lad," McDonald repeated, and at the tense, even words Dan's courage returned. With a short "Goodbye, Mac," he crouched down and, as they drew almost even, he jumped.

He remembers four or five dull red cars rushing past and the crashing and rending when the train piled up across the little mountain stream. Then came the terrible muffled clang when the engine battered itself into a shapeless mass against the canyon walls and the relentless cars buried it beneath them. All the rest is like a dream in which he sees nothing but McDonald sitting quietly above him, his face white under the grime but a brave smile on his lips as he says, "It's your chance, lad. God bless you."

Now, when Dan has brought his long train safely to the summit and before they start on the down-grade, he tests the brakes again and again. And at one place where the rocky walls rise high above them, the fireman wonders why Dan removes his cap.





Farewell, Ye Senior A's

The Senior B's greet Senior A's
With due respect and pride,
For well we know that genius lays
Enshrined where they will stride.

We hear these Senior A's proclaim
Their views from court-room stands,
And know the public spreads their fame
Across to foreign lands.

We read of others whose athlete
Has proved a boon, indeed,
As they, with ease, outstrip defeat,
And in the public lead.

The pen of other Senior A's
Brings honor and renown
To schoolmates of their High Echhool days,
And e'en to Spokane Town.

Although this Senior class is small,
We Senior B's admit,
That this one class comprises all
The brains and power and wit.

TAMARACK

Now they may think we're saying that
For reasons all our own,
And that, within the ring, their hats
Will be our stepping stone.

But never mind, when Senior A's,
We'll ever be alert
To North Side High School honor days,
While we our power assert.

And oh, how we shall miss this class,
Their songs and High School yells,
As they from out our midst will pass,
Whilst echo New Year's bells.

We Senior B's bid you Godspeed,
And know your teachers, too,
Join us in every word and deed
That keeps your record new.

May troubles flee from out your path,
As you their power defy,
And may the hearty High-School laugh
And yell be our good-bye.

---Margaret L. White, June, '13.

So we strolled by the brook in the moonlight,
In our hearts was a love newly born;
And the words that we spoke there, so tender,
We regretted ere break of the morn.

Many years have gone by, swiftly fleeting,
Since that warm summer night in July,
But the joy of those few stolen moments
I may never forget till I die.

Finis du Poeme de l'Amour.



The First Day of School

When the summer days grow cool,
And the long vacation's past,
Little "Freshies" start to school,
Proud they're in the "High" at last.

Long they've waited for this day;
Oft they've seen it in a dream;
Now their hearts are bright and gay,
How their childish faces beam!

Each one in his very best,
Gleefully they reach the school;
But when a crowd's around them press'd,
Their joy begins to cool.

And now a mob of Senior boys
Comes shouting down the way;
How fast they walk, how loud they talk,
I wonder what they say!

They seize a timid Freshman lad,
They mount him on a box;
And when he says he'll tell his dad,
They chase him off with rocks.

Soon, up and down the muddy street,
The barefoot Freshmen go;
Their shoes are held, by force impell'd,
Their faces show their woe.

At last they hear a welcome sound,
The first loud warning bell;
The Seniors drop their frightened prey,
And all rush in pell-mell.



I wonder why the Senior
Taunts the Freshie with such vim?
Why, 'cause when he a Freshman was,
The Seniors taunted him.

—May Wylda.

Singular Plural

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes;
Then one fowl is goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of moose should never be meese;
You may find a lone mouse or a whole lot of mice,
But the plural of house, is houses, not hice;
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
The cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
But a bow if repeated is never called bine;
If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth and the whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
If the singular is this and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss, then, be nicknamed keese?
Though one may be that, and three may be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose;
And the plural of rat, is rats, not rose,
We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
But though we say mother, we never say methren;
The masculine pronouns are he, his and him,
But imagine the feminine, she, shis and shim;
So the English, I think, you all will agree,
Is the most wonderful language you ever did see.

—M. D. Johnson, Jan., '15.



Morgen's Speech to His Section Gang

The Suffering-gettes are sure winnin' the West,
Yo-ho, an' yo-ho-ee;
They're cert'inly doin' it with lots of zest,
Yo-ho, an' yo-ho-ee.

How dare they to stand with a flag in their hand,
Or marchin' down streets t' the tune of a band?
I'll tell yuh it cert'inly takes lots o' "sand"—
Yo-ho, an' yo-ho-ee.

The Lord made the earth fer poor Adam t' rule,
But Eve proved his downfall. Say, don't it seem cruel?
She only used him as a foot-restin' stool—
Yo-ho, an' yo-ho-ee.

In England, fair land of the noble an' brave,
The Suffering-gettes sometimes find a bad grave,
When windows with rocks they do solely cave—
Yo-ho, an' yo-ho-ee.

But fellows, an' workers, yuh bet your sweet life
That I've got at home just the cutest small wife,
Who couldn't scare me with a big carvin' knife—
Yo-ho, an' yo-ho-ee.

Hey, fellows! Quick! Hurry! Git out of my way!
Yo-ho, an' yo-ho-ee;
Fer there comes my wife, an' she knows it's pay-day!
Yo-ho, an' yo-ho-ee.

—Stuart Lower.

"THE SONG OF THE TRAMP"

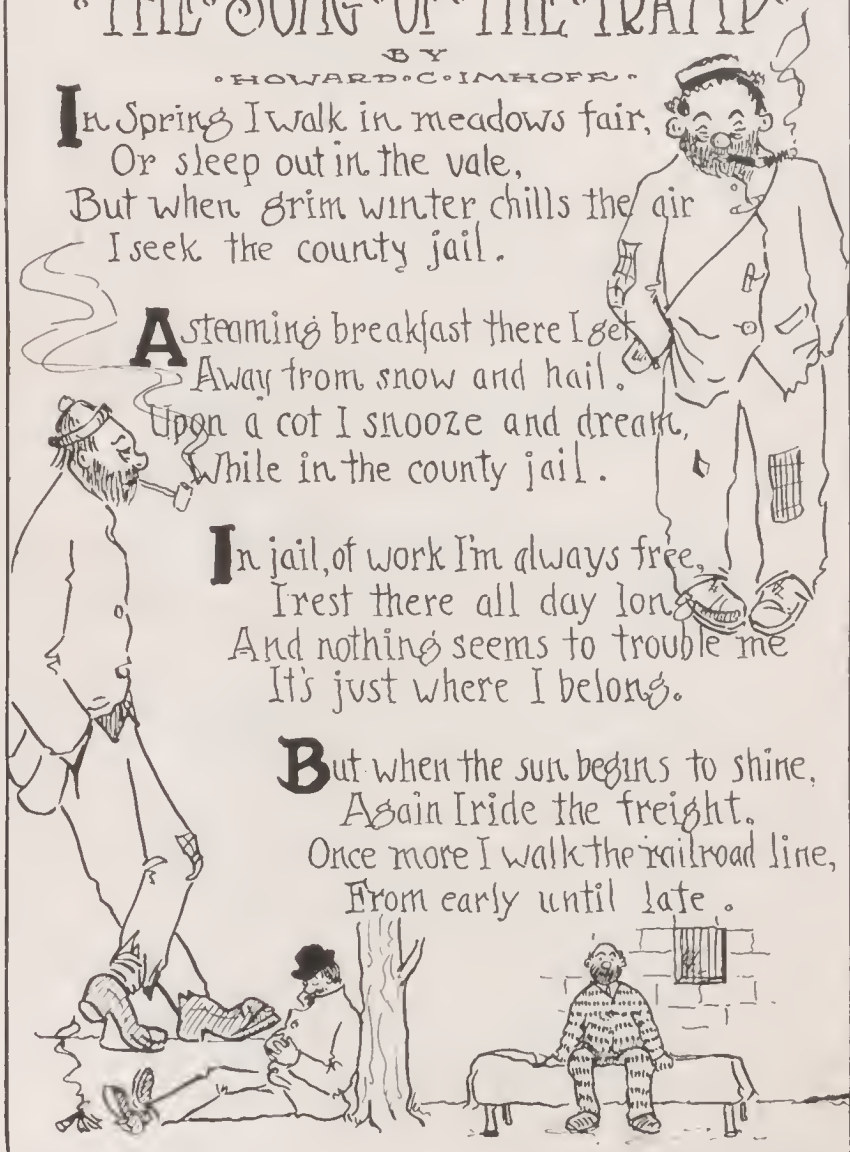
BY
"HOWARD C. IMHOFF"

In Spring I walk in meadows fair,
Or sleep out in the vale,
But when grim winter chills the air
I seek the county jail.

A steaming breakfast there I get
Away from snow and hail.
Upon a cot I snooze and dream,
While in the county jail.

In jail, of work I'm always free,
I rest there all day long
And nothing seems to trouble me
It's just where I belong.

But when the sun begins to shine,
Again I ride the freight.
Once more I walk the railroad line,
From early until late.







CLASS ORATORS



FLOYD ELLIS



SELMA ENGSTROM



GERTRUDE UPTON



ELIZABETH CORCORAN



HERMAN HOWE



LESLIE SANDERSON

JANUARY
1913



Helen Goetz is a native of Spokane, and was born here Sept. 27, 1893. She has been enrolled in this school since her Freshman year, in the Household Arts course. Everybody knows and likes Helen, and when it comes to handling the basket-ball, she is like a streak of lightning.

Ralph Evans was born at Brookfield, Missouri, Sept. 1, 1892. He has attended North Central for four years, and is enrolled in the Commercial course. Ralph has always taken a prominent part in class affairs, and has always been a loyal member of Jan. '13.

Selma Engstrom was born in this city on Nov. 24, 1894. She has spent four years in the North Central, being enrolled in the Household Arts course. Selma is a jolly, attractive girl, one of our best workers, and, as a reward, has been awarded a commencement oration.

Curtis Shoemaker was born in Spokane, March 9, 1895. He was in the Coeur d'Alene High School for two years and two years in North Central. He is enrolled in the General course. Curtis is a member of the class play cast, taking one of the character rolls, and will win much fame for our class.



Ellen Nass was born in Bellingham, Washington, May 11, 1893. Ellen has been a member of Jan. '13 all through high school, and will be graduated from the Classical course. Although she has taken school life seriously she has been amply rewarded by the grades and extra credits that she has received.

Ruth Sapp was born at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, Dec. 29, 1892. Ruth was in the Waterville High School one year, and has been three years in our school. She is enrolled in the Classical course. Ruth is a popular member of the class.

Frances Miller was born April 19, 1892, in Spokane. She has been a loyal member of North Central High for four years, and completes the Household Arts course. Always quiet and helpful, she has had no difficulty in winning the praise of teachers and schoolmates.

Ethel Terry was born Jan. 14, 1894, in Wilbur, Washington, and graduates from the General course. Ethel is a sweet, attractive girl, and a popular member of the graduating class.



Elizabeth Corcoran, one of our best known and best liked members, was born Feb. 19, 1894, at Granite, Montana. Elizabeth has always taken a prominent part in class and school affairs, and has gained many honors, among them the Vice President of the Senior A Class, and being elected a commencement orator.

Floyd Ellis was born Oct. 22, 1894, at Dayton, Washington. He has attended the North Central for four years, and will be graduated from the Classical course. Jan. '13 is justly proud of Floyd's work along dramatic and oratorical lines, and he has been given a part in the Senior A class play, and a commencement oration.

Alda Coutts was born Feb. 19, 1894, at Moscow, Idaho, and graduates from the Household Arts course after four years of work in the North Central. Alda is always willing to help the class and its members, and, as a reward, will win fame in the Senior A class play.

Ross Doty was born May 15, 1895, at Harrison, Idaho. He spent the fore part of his high school days in the Harrison and Lewiston schools. Although Ross has been with us for but two years and a half, he has won much praise from his teachers, and a great deal of fame in Psychology.



Ethel Wiedeman was born Dec. 20, 1892, in Woodhull, North Dakota. After spending two years in the Minot High School in that state, she came to the North Central, where she graduates from the General course. Ethel is a quiet, sweet-tempered girl and has taken a foremost part in all school activities.

Mae Frans was born Jan. 22, 1894, in Spokane. She has been enrolled at North Central for four years, and will be graduated from the General course. Although Mae is rather quiet, she is a fine girl when you know her, and has many friends in school.

Mildred Pinkham was born March 1, 1892, in St. Paul, Minnesota. Mildred has attended three high schools, Half Moon Prairie High School, Broadway High of Seattle, and lastly, North Central; but although she is not one of our charter members, she is just as loyal as though she had been here for four years. She will be graduated from the General course.

Elaine Culliton was born at Des Moines, Iowa, Jan. 23, 1894. For four years she has been one of us, and has been enrolled in the Household Arts course. You will never forget that she is a member of Jan. '13, one of its most popular members, and also prominent in the class play.



Bernice Hare was born Oct. 25, 1893, near Loon Lake, Washington. She has been an attendant at North Central for four years, and has many pleasant memories of her high school life. Bernice is a prominent member of the Tamarack Staff, Reporter to the Tamarack from the Senior A Class, and one of its popular members.

Gust Janson was born June 30, 1892, in Spokane. He has attended North Central for four years, and graduates from the Commercial course. Gust doesn't care for the girls and is not what you would call a ladies' man, but he is right there when it comes to "flashlights," and typewriting.

Ruth Hocking was born June 22, 1893, in Crystal Falls, Michigan. All her high school life has been spent in Spokane, although in both schools, and she graduates from the General course. The better you know Ruth, the better you like her, and she is a sincere, good friend to all.

Edgar E. Smith was born at Springfield, Missouri, Aug. 13, 1895. He is enrolled in the Scientific course. He has been four and one-half years in North Central and is quiet, but a good student and friend.



Elmer Roedel was born April 13, 1895, in Chicago, Illinois. Elmer has attended North Central for four years, and will complete the Commercial course this month. On account of his great class spirit and boosting, Elmer has been awarded with the position of Business Manager for the class play, also Assistant Business Manager of the Tamarack.

Effie Knudson was born July 29, 1893, in Barion, Wisconsin. She has attended North Central for four years, and will be graduated from the Commercial course. Effie has one of the sunniest dispositions and sweetest smiles in the North Central High School.

Herman Howe was born Aug. 27, 1894, in Butte, Montana. He has attended North Central High School for four years, and has taken the Classical course. Herman can certainly hold his own, when it comes to scholastic work, and is the possessor of many honors; being Editor-in-Chief of the Tamarack, and winner of the highest grades of any North Central graduate.

Villa Clark was born Feb. 3, 1892, at North Platte, Nebraska. She has attended the North Central for four years, and graduates from the General course. Villa will be remembered as occupying the first seat in school, therefore she deserves one of the first places in our memory.



Iris Soloman was born June 21, 1893, in Trinidad, Colorado, and graduates from the General course. She is good-natured and has always been willing to help in supporting and boosting the Class of January, 1913.

Leslie Sanderson was born in London, England, Feb. 5, 1895. He was in the Sprague High School for one-half year, and has been four years in North Central, and is enrolled in the General course. Leslie is President of our class, and also one of our orators.

Fae Sandall was born at St. Louis, Michigan, Oct. 31, 1894. She is enrolled in the Manual Arts course, and has been four years in North Central. Fae is a good student, and has won the respect of her teachers and the friendship of her schoolmates.

George Woodcock was born July 2, 1892, in Cumberland, Wisconsin, and graduates from the Manual Arts course. He has been an active member of the class, and has greatly aided the different institutions of the school with his art work.



Linda Diehl was born Dec. 12, 1892, in this city. Linda has attended the North Central for four years, and is to be graduated from the Commercial course. She is a quiet, unassuming person, who has won a place in our hearts by her sunny smile.

Athol Gorrill was born Sept. 12, 1893, at Lake Chelan, Washington, is one of our most loyal members, who has attended North Central for four years, and is enrolled in the Scientific course. Athol never was unusually studious, but he is a great worker for the class, and one of the finest, all-round good fellows in the high school.

Gracia Nicholas was born Jan. 28, 1894, in Warren, Ohio. She has attended North Central for four years, being enrolled in the General course, and has been a prominent partaker in class and school activities all through high school, winning praise for her ability along dramatic lines.

Joseph Davis was born in Wet Mountain Valley, Colorado, Oct. 25, 1894. Joseph has attended North Central High School for four years, and graduates from the General course. Although small in stature, he holds by no means a small place in the pleasant memories of our high school days.



Lolita Cook was born Nov. 13, 1893, in Spokane, and graduates from the Household Arts course, after four years in this school. Lolita takes a prominent part in the class play. You can spot her anywhere by her jolly smile and her ever-twinkling eyes.

Harrison Donovan was born March 3, 1895, at Devil's Lake, North Dakota. He has attended North Central for four years, and is a member of the Scientific course. His scholastic ability has won for him a place on the honor roll.

Dora Doak was born April 4, 1893, in Spokane. She has spent four years in North Central, and is enrolled in the Household Arts course. Dora is a small but by no means insignificant member of the Class of Jan. '13, and has won much praise from her teachers.

Gerald Tuttle was born April 7, 1894, in Ritzville, Washington. He is graduating from the Scientific course. Gerald is a dandy good fellow and is going to win fame for the class in the play, "The Private Secretary." Here's hoping that his presentation of the character of Mr. Cattermole will not fascinate him so much that he will follow it in later days.



Harold Merrin was born June 11, 1893, in Madison, Ohio. He has spent four years in North Central, and will be graduated from the Manual Arts course. Harold has been a member of the football squad, and holds the record for peaceful quiet, as he has never been known to get "peevied."

Laura Smith was born July 17, 1894, in Duluth, Minnesota, where she attended high school until a year ago. Laura is a quiet, unassuming girl and has won many friends during her year at North Central.

Howard Rouse was born Dec. 28, 1892, in Mason City, Nebraska. He has been a loyal and valued member of North Central all through his course, with the exception of a half year spent at Lewis and Clark High. There is no need to tell anyone about Rouse. We all know his fame and lightning speed, when it comes to handling the pigskin, and North Central loses in him a valuable man.

Gertrude Upton was born April 15, 1895, in Cresco, Iowa, and graduates from the Classical course. She is a good-natured, jolly girl, much liked by her teachers for her good work. In her average she stood fourth in her class and was rewarded by Mr. Hargreaves, who gave her an oration.



Alfred Deibert was born at Spangle, Washington, April 26, 1894. He has attended N. C. H. S. for four years, and will be graduated from the General course. While a quiet boy in school, we all know that that is the kind that becomes famous in later years.



L. W. SAWTELLE
Class Director



Class Play

"THE PRIVATE SECRETARY."

The Senior class play, "The Private Secretary," given in the North Central auditorium, Friday, January seventeenth, was one of the big events of the year. The play is a "scream" from the time the curtain rises on the troubles of Douglas Cattermole to the grand finale at the end of the third act. The leading roles are taken by Floyd Ellis and Gracia Nicholas.

The play is the story of a young man, who, with the aid of his friend, Harry Marsland, starts out to sow his "wild oats" at an early age in order to satisfy the whim of a rich and very eccentric old uncle. His impersonation of the private secretary to Mr. Marsland, the sudden and unexpected appearance of the real private secretary on the scene, the appearance of the old uncle himself, and the endless complications that follow furnish the basis of an interesting and exciting plot. To those who saw the play it is unnecessary to mention the character work of Wayne Durham as the real private secretary—"d'you know"—the futile attempt of the ambitious tailor to break into the "upper crust," or the Spiritualism of Miss Ashford with its laughable results, to recall the pleasures of the evening. It was certainly a production worth seeing.

The cast of the play was as follows:

Mr. Marsland.....	Athol Gorrell
Harry Marsland.....	Edwin Raney
Mr. Cattermole.....	Gerald Tuttle
Douglas Cattermole.....	Floyd Ellis
Rev. Robert Spalding.....	Wayne Durham
Mr. Sydney Gibson.....	Curtis Shoemaker
John.....	Ralph Evans
Knox.....	Edgar Smith
Edith Marsland.....	Gracia Nicholas
Eva Webster.....	Lolita Cook
Mrs. Stead.....	Alda Coutts
Miss Ashford.....	Elaine Culliton

A few facts

Name	Appearance	Occupation	Ambition	Favorite Song	Nickname
Villa Clark	Lonely	Bluffing	I'o get in the "400" I'o keep her stand-in with the faculty	"Vilia," from "Merry Widow"	Mary Amelia Arvilla
Elizabeth Corcoran	Pretty	Reciting		Wistful Eyes	Lizzie
Lolita Cook	Vivacious	Rehearsing	I'o win dramatic fame	Fake Me Out to the Ball Game	Little "Eva"
Alda Coutts	Sedate	Sticking to Fact	I'o run a boarding house	I Want to Be a Fairy	Cutey
Elaine Culliton	We won't discuss that	Fusing Freshies	I'o dance "The Siren" with a "certain party"	You're My Baby	Cliff
Joe Davis	Abbreviated	Getting his pony from Leslie	To beat Leon to it	The Girl That Can Never Be Mine	Josie
Elizabeth Deck	Good	Keeping quiet	I'o publish a joke-book	Don't Be Cross With Me	Betty
Alfred Deibert	Slippery	Retiring early	I'o be somebody's escort	Mop Rag	Al
Linda Diehl	Hard to define	Making no noise	I'o get married	Linger Longer, Lovie	Lindy
Dora Doak	Young	Dreaming	To dream on	Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland	Dough
Harrison Donovan	Scared	Keeping mum	I'o laugh to get 99,999 in every- thing	I'm Trying My Best To Smile	Crab
Ross Doly	Learned	Studying		Everybody Two-Step	Rosie
Floyd Ellis	Noble	Practising Act III with Gracia	To be a lady's man	I'll Make a Ring Around Rosie	Demos
Selma Engstrom	Chunky	Walking to school	To keep D. M	My (Gritty) Hero Make Me Love You,	Elf
Ralph Evans	Placid	Studying at the noon hour Trying to make herself heard	To be a preacher	Dearie, Like I Never Loved Before	Prof.
Mae Frans	Faded	Beating the crowd to Ive's	I'o be impressive	Maybe That's Why I'm Lonely	Blondy
Helen Goetz	Jolly	Making a hit	I'o graduate	Her Eyes Are Blue fo.	Dutch
Athol Gorrell	Perfect	Trying to find original jokes	I'o rival Nat Goodwin	Yale	Fritz
Bernice Hare	Calm	Hanging on to Walter	I'o keep Doubt	Are You Feeling As Lonesome As I Am?	Brick
Ruth Hocking	Artistic	Meeting the staff	To take a better picture	The Hour That Gave Me You	Rufus
Herman Howe	A Genius	Minding his own business	To be the first Socialist president	America	Plato
Gust Janson	Rip Van Winkle		I has none	Barber Shop Chord	Cansy

Name	Appearance	Occupation	Ambition	Favorite Song	Nickname
Effie Knudson	Slight	Rocking the boat.	Slighter	Moonlight Bay	Ask Stanton
Harold Merrin	Moon-face	Coming to school. Spending the noon hour with G. T. in 214.	To be a football player	No One Loves a Fat Man	Tubby
Frances Miller	Always the same	Mildewing Impersonating Mary Garden	To agree with Miss Olney To be a Sunday School Superintendent	Onward, Christian Sol- diers	Frankie
Ellen Nass	Lost	Giving advice	To talk faster	Teddy	Hasn't any
Gracia Nicholas	Rejected	Playing Boola Boola Trying to get up a flirtation	To sing bass in a quar- tette	I'd Rather Be G-o-o-d Than P-r-e-t-y	Babe
Mildred Pinkham	Giggley	Ask Helen Assisting Mr. Hargreaves in running the school	To make a hit. To look sober (mean- ing solemn)	I'd Like Someone to Love Me	Pinky
Edwin Raney	Ikky	Studying Latin Answering Sarah Eliza- beth's sarcasm	To keep two girls at once To make a hit with her teachers	I'm in Love With All the Girls I Know	The Girls call him Eddy
Elmer Roedel	Little but loud No remarks; he's satisfied	Trying to draw cartoons	To grow a real pompa- dour	When I Get You Alone Tonight	Roedy
Howard Rouse	Happy	Flunking in English. Doing nothing	Same as Gussie's	Football Rag	Any pet name will do
Leslie Sanderson	Jappy	Whatever Alda does	To be graceful To take Anti-Thin To partake of matrimo- nial bliss	I'm the Guy I'd Do A\$ Much For You	Ferdie
Ruth Sapp	Plump	Ragging Cramming Eating lunch with the girls	To run a dance hall To be a school teacher To visit "someone" in Tennessee	What's the Use? Iake Me Back To Gussie	Sappy
Curtis Shoemaker	Solemn	Snorting	To win a smile from "he" Sophomore	I Fell in Love All By Myself	Curt
Edgar Smith	Just like her picture.	Waiting for Dutch Keeping quiet Trying to put Morris out of business	To create a laugh	Skeleton Rag	Smithie
Laura Smith	Overworked Retiring				Undiscovered Sole
Iris Solomon	Just like her picture.				Never heard
Fae Sandall	Overworked Retiring				Dearie Carrots
George Teel	Simpish				Jerry
Ethel Terry	Chummy				Greg
Gerald Tuttle	Shrunk Just right				Gig Speck
Gertrude Upton	Good enough				Nig
Geneva White					
Ethel Wiedeman					
George Woodcock					

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND



Class History

Four years ago to High we proudly came,
A class of rare intelligence and fame.
How little did we know of trial and care,
Of troubles which we all should bravely share.
Our hearts were light, for we had never had
A thing in our school days to make us sad.
But now at once we plunged into our books
To learn of Greek and scientific cooks,
And then our school activities began
To fill our minds with many a creative plan.
At our first meeting, officers we chose,
A very fine group, as their record shows.
In literary, athletics, and debate,
Our class immediately showed how great
Her members were; and to this very day
The honor and the fame has come our way.
We chose our colors—cherry rich and gray,
And every member solemnly did say,
May these colors never fail to shield
The "Red and Black" in high school, track, or field.
Until the bright Spring days and sunny nooks
Called us away from the drudgery of books
We kept our pace and set the mark for all
Whom in the future we would Freshies call.
Vacation over; all returned again,
This time our ranks increased by ten times ten.
How solemn and how dignified we were,
For now our underclassmen made the stir.
Now to bring new interest to the mass,

TAMARACK.

New officers were chosen by the class.
The girls had joined the woman suffragettes
And chosen leaders to the boys' regrets.
The boys then formed the "anti-woman's rights,"
And tried to win by speeches and torch lights.
Campaign speeches were made in every room,
Each party thought it saw the other's doom.
Interest was fiery, hot, intense,
The boys were strong and sure of their defense.
But hark! the suffragettes had won at last,
And women's rights were upheld by the class.
And from our meetings stayed those faithful boys
To help at home and learn the household joys,
But soon to other things our minds appealed,
And prospects of a party were revealed.
The halls of this dear school were ornamented
With colors and with pennants; be contented.
Oh, what a joyous time we had that night!
The songs of Mrs. Hargreaves did delight,
And many recitations did we hear
From Mr. Sawtelle, which we hailed with cheer.
The grand march through the hall with maidens fair
Is not forgotten 'midst our toils and care.
And thus our Freshman year came to a close,
And quickly then our Sophomore spirit rose.
One-quarter of our race we now had done,
The struggles in our path were partly won.
But grief o'ershadowed all our spacious hall
And chilled us with its silent pall:
The angel Death had called a precious friend,
Whose life was filled with beauty to the end.
We missed his face, his friendly morning greeting,
His smile and cheerful word at every meeting.
A tree was planted for this faithful one,
In memory of kind acts and deeds once done.
It was the first our campus to adorn,
And filled our hearts with pride each happy morn.
Amidst our rank there was a worthy one

TAMARACK.

To carry out the work he left undone.
In all our daily work and all our play,
'Tis he who helped us win the goal each day.

The time for us was speeding quickly by,
And so a picnic we decided to try.
The Ten A class invited us to go
To join in all the sports and swim and row,
And after all the joyful games were over
To eat a dainty luncheon in the clover.
At last the good old summer time was here
And all were planning outings far and near.
Amidst the joyous times of our vacation,
Our sister school was wrecked by conflagration.
September came again with book and rule
And South Side students shared our new high school.
And so a different plan was then devised,
And all the classes were disorganized.
Full eighteen months were passed without events,
Which checked our onward march toward eminence.
But Providence to patience sends reward,
By their departure classes were restored;
And then at last we reached our Senior year,
The one that underclassmen all revere.
We soon were known as the "illustrious class"
That every one in vain strove to surpass.
First, class pins were selected with great care,
Most charming ones that all were proud to wear.
And after that in order to proclaim
Our merits and our well deserved fame,
A class song, which, indeed, you will avow
Quite fitting, was composed by Herman Howe.
But Time does fly, so most of us believe,
And soon the class of nineteen twelve would leave
Our midst. 'Twas then we gave our Pot-Pourri,
An entertainment which successfully
Was managed and enabled us to make
Plans for a picnic to a near-by lake.

TAMARACK

Upon the eighth of June we fixed the date.
Reverses came, for unrelenting Fate
Ordained that it should rain. Between the showers,
Howe'er, were spent some very happy hours,
In playing tennis, rowing on the lake.
And when the train appeared at night to take
Us to our homes, that such a pleasant day
Had ne'er before been spent, we heard them say.
As Senior A's, with dignity and grace,
Inspired, an ideal class we filled the place.
Our aid was greatly sought in every task
In German club, debating, and The Masque.
Our members won great praise; and, too, our Play
Was called the greatest seen for many a day.
Also our class memorial surpassed
Those left by any others of the past.
The happiest days of all our life are o'er,
And soon these spacious halls we'll roam no more.
To those who fill our place we wish success;
And to our teachers gratefully express
Our thanks for all that they have said or done
To aid us to success and victories won.
Our eyes are dimming as we call goodbye
And turn away with a regretful sigh.
But so it is, we all must say adieu.
Farewell, North Central, a long life to you.

—Fae Sandall, Dora Doak, Ellen Nass.





Class Will

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF JANUARY THIRTEEN.

Be it remembered by all who shall hereafter follow the flow'ry paths of knowledge through the halls of the North Central High School, that we, the illustrious Class of January Thirteen, being of sound mind and of a disposing memory, although rapidly drawing near to the inevitable end, do make and publish this, our last will and testament, to-wit:

FIRST—We direct that our executor borrow, on our credit, money enough to pay our just debts.

SECOND—To the Freshman Class we devise and bequeath all the tin and paper boxes, spools, string, marbles, and chewing gum which can be found in Room 214 and for which we have no further use.

THIRD—To Mr. Collins' future Psychology Classes we give and bequeath the epoch-making work of Ross Doty, Gerald Tuttle, and Howard Rouse, entitled "The Dynamic Phase of Consciousness."

FOURTH—To the Senior B Class we give and bequeath our superfluous wisdom and our distinguished appearance, both of which they lack at the present time.

FIFTH—To the Senior B Yelling Squad we leave Edwin Raney, hoping that his heavy bass voice will be a welcome addition and that he will fill a long-felt want.

SIXTH—To the German III students we give and bequeath our beloved copies of Schiller's little classic, "Wilhelm Tell."

SEVENTH—To the Germanistische Gesellschaft we willfully donate Alfred Deibert's German pronunciation.

EIGHTH—To "Dutch" Van Dissel we give and bequeath Geneva White to keep him company on his way to school.

NINTH—To the hereinafter mentioned couples we devise and bequeath the dark corners in the upper hall for spooning purposes. Namely: Mary Marce and Delbert Frances; Margaret Hunter and Ira Ketcham; Helen Crockett and Tom Allen.

TENTH—To the Agricultural Class we give and bequeath Lewis and Clark's goat to be used for experimental purposes.

Seventy-four



ELEVENTH—To the Domestic Science Department we give and bequeath the formula for a marvelous breakfast food known as Expurgated Wheat or U-Need-a-Bayla-Hay Biscuits, discovered and perpetrated by Senior A chemists under the direction of Doctor Benefiel.

TWELFTH—To the Engineering and Scientific Society we give and bequeath three boxes of U-Need-a-Bayla-Hay Biscuits for experimental and scientific purposes.

THIRTEENTH—To the Debating Society we devise and bequeath the following question which several Congressmen failed to settle, to-wit: Resolved, That knock-knees are a greater menace to navigation than bow-legs.

FOURTEENTH—To the Masque Literary Society we devise and bequeath the following: The original manuscript of our will, also all other manuscripts and papers which contain material of greater sense but less value, such as "Demosthenes" Ellis' Orations and Bernice Hare's Collection of Ancient Jokes.

FIFTEENTH—To the Zoology Department we give and bequeath the Republican Elephant and the Progressive Bull Moose, to be kept by them until the next presidential election.

SIXTEENTH—We appoint Mr. Sawtelle executor to carry out the provisions of this will.

Signed and sealed the 26th of December, 1912.

THE CLASS OF JANUARY THIRTEEN.
CODICIL.

*There were three seniors who wrote
The Will above that we quote.
Their want of all sense
Was something immense,
Which made them all persons of note.*

WITNESSES:

GUST JANSON,
EFFIE KNUDSON,
EDGAR SMITH.





Class Prophecy

January, 1912.

A cavern. At the left front, a boiling cauldron. Thunder.

Enter three Witches.

First Witch:

Thrice hath the office call been given.

Second Witch:

Thrice and once the corridors cleared.

Third Witch:

Miss Bemis cries, "'Tis time, 'tis time,
For the bells have rung the hour of nine!"

First Witch:

Round about the cauldron go;
In Miss Roger's pastry throw:
Puddings that have never won
Prizes under moon or sun,
That unsuspecting victims got,
Boil ye first in the charmed pot.

All:

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Teachers scold and tempers bubble.

Second Witch:

By the burning of my ear,
Someone learned doth appear.

Enter Mr. Hargreaves.

Mr. H.:

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is't you do

All:

We show a future true.

Mr. H.:

I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.

TAMARACK.

First Witch:

Speak.

Second Witch:

Demand.

Third Witch:

We'll answer.

Mr. H.:

Forecast the class, the best that e'er was seen,
Of January, Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen.

First Witch:

Wouldst rather hear it from *our mouths*,
Or from our master's?

Mr. H.:

Call 'em, let me see 'em.

All:

Come high, come low, athletic fiend;
And tell the fates that you have gleaned.

Thunder. First Apparition, a Football Player.

Mr. H.:

Tell me, thou cunning power,—

First Witch:

He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

First Apparition:

R. T., R. T., R. T., Remember Howard Rouse!
His day is past on football field and track,
But he'll return, M. D., to set each broken back!
In sporting circles, the speculation saner
Heralds Joseph Davis as the trainer
Of Harold Merrin, now the new "white hope;"
With disadvantage, Davis well can cope,
And act as surgeon, dietician, nurse,
While Athol Gorrill deftly holds the purse.
An Atalanta fleet will be found in Bernice Hare,
But she'll Marathon no more when she's caught her *Walter*
When Walt is quiet, Bernice will depend *[rare;*

TAMARACK.

For solace upon Helen Goetz, her friend,
The champion basket-ball and tennis player,
Who soon will marry Edgar Smith, the mayor.

Disappears.

Mr. H.:

Whate'er thou art, for thy good forecast thanks;
Thou'st read my thoughts aright; but one word more—

Second Witch:

He will not be commanded; we'll call again.
Round about the cauldron go;
Conjure up another show!
Lock from Lienau's shiny pate
In the cauldron meets its fate;
Eye of Fehr, and frown of Kaye,
Wisp of Broomhall's radiant ray;
End of Bechtel's ready tongue,
Lobe of Miller's lusty lung;
For a charm for stomach trouble,
Like cafe broth boil and bubble—
Ho-hum! ho-hum! the next doth come,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition, a Domestic Science Girl.

Second Apparition:

Be cautious, wise! Your ever pleasant looks
Distract th' attention of Miss Hitchcock's cooks.
They're youthful; but the class to graduate
Has many cooks, of whom now list the fate.
There's Dora Doak: her trusty rolling-pin
Will roll out pies and Hubby dear break in;
Miss Alda Coutts as Mrs. Stead 's acquired
An art of which she never will be tired;
Elmer Roedel will run a bakery line
And Woodcock then will cookies rich design;
Iris Solomon will cook at Medical Lake,
Where some unwittingly of food partake;
And Frances Miller will be dietician
In a far-off hospital, where she'll find her mission;

TAMARACK.

Her only rival will be Elizabeth,
Who toiling there will talk her 'most to death;
Curtis and Gracia will make a happy pair,
No need for Cook, since Curtis lives on air;
And poor Lolita, plunged in grief so deep,
Will spend her years in catching up on sleep.

Disappears.

Third Witch:

Hush!

First Witch:

Hush!

Second Witch:

Speak not!

Third Witch:

You'll break the charm!

Round about the cauldron vast;
In its fiery depths we'll cast
Grammar, themes, and ragged verse,
And other things that students curse;
Long and Channing take their turns;
Watch each gladly as it burns;
Lab'ratories! strip 'em bare,
Measures, wires, and all else there;
Heave along with all these fixtures,
H²S and Cl mixtures!—
Lo! Behold! a spirit sage;
List the wisdom from his page!
Thunder. Third Apparition, a Student.

Third Apparition:

R. T., R. T., R. T.!

Mr. H.:

Had I Miss Fargo's ears, I'd hear thee.

Third Apparition:

Be watchful, bold, and resolute! Take care!
Of truants, tardies, absentees, beware!
From out this magic book I've lately read
That from Ethel Terry's brilliant radiant head,

TAMARACK.

In time to come, seductive dramas great
With wondrous skill and speed will emanate.
Anxiety will prey on Linda Diehl,
And naught her wounded heart can ever heal,
Except the ardent love of Georgie Teel.
The great reporter of the coming age
Will gain her wealth of knowledge from a sage;
So Mildred Pinkham will herself concede,
When speaking of Ruth Sapp, renowned in deed,
Whose ready skill will comfort and command
As Red Cross nurse in far-off Zululand.
Of Doctor Evans this book doth also say,
In Science' name a fortune great he'll pay
For human brains to deftly analyze;
With foresight rare Ross Doty will the prize
Accept, and leave it as his last bequest
In prudent trust for those he loves the best.
Wayne Durham'll leave you in the course of time,
New rungs of knowledge at the U. to climb.

Disappears.

Mr. H.:

Sweet bodements! Good! and yet my heart
Throbs for something more: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much.

First Witch:

We can!

Second Witch:

We will impart!

First Witch:

Claw the eyes out of the Masque;
Throw them in with all we ask:
Christmas parties, masquerades,
Picnics in the woodland glades,
Try-outs for new membership,
In the cauldron stir and dip.

Second Witch:

Members once again throw in;
'Tis a puzzle to begin:

Eighty

TAMARACK

Eloquence their chests inflating,
Ah! I see, they are debating.
In, thou Room Two Hundred Five,
And Overman, who's still alive;
In, thou hovering ghost Sawtelle,
And thou lingering Paine pell-mell.

Third Witch:

Flaxen hair and sky-blue eyes,
Wooden shoes and large neckties,
Two astounding names; oh, my!
Ne'er the German Club pass by.
In, with Fish and one Fehr throat,
Also Heine's "Schwarz und Rot."

Thunder. Fourth Apparition, a Society Queen.

Fourth Apparition:

Miss Ruth E. Hocking for ambition's sake,
Will find her way to Bingville, where she'll make
Her home. Amelia Tucker she'll supplant,
And be their social queen most eminent.
A sadder fate awaits Arvilla Clark,
Whose eyes divine will catch a money shark.
He'll break her heart, and she'll repine through life.
Fae Sandall next will be the charming wife
Of Equador's ambassador to Spain;
In his esteem, a queen she will remain.
On graduating Laura Smith will go
To Newport by the sea, where wealth will flow
Into her hands. She'll be a baseball fan.
Gust Janson, always such a lady's man,
Will move to Hillyard when he's forty-eight;
Through advertising he will find his mate.
Miss Effie Knudson, once the social star
Of Old North Central High School, known afar,
For friends most true when she grows very fat,
Will choose a noisy parrot and a cat.

Disappears.

Flourish.

Mr. H.:

What noise is that?

TAMARACK

First Witch:

Show!

Second Witch:

Show!

Third Witch:

Show!

Discords from the orchestra throw;
From the chorus, weird notes low;
Jangle of the quartet's air
In the mixture has its share.
Close the charm within a trice
By throwing in instructive Rice.

First Witch:

Show his eyes if he must know,
And grieve his heart with many a woe.
Thunder. Fifth Apparition, a Musician.

Fifth Apparition:

Of Gerald Tuttle much has late been said
How he by love of music will be led,
And lose the perfect balance of his head.
When Ethel Wiedeman's marvelous voice is weaker
She'll be Miss Abernethy's fav'rite speaker.
A musical composer of high class
You'll find most certainly in Ellen Nass;
While Alfred Deibert, her accepted mate,
By singing songs, sensations will create.
The graceful touch and talent of Elaine,
The influence rare of music will make plain,
And the fame of Old North Central, ne'er will die
While the pupils of Mae Frans with others vie.

Disappears.

Mr. H.:

What else?

All:

Seek to know no more.

Mr. H.:

I will be satisfied: deny me this
And an eternal curse fall on you.

TAMARACK.

Let me know the future of the Honor Roll.

Thunder. Sixth Apparition, a Scholar.

Sixth Apparition:

I come to tell good news, for I am sent
To herald Herman Howe Vice President,
The running mate of Debs in Twenty-four,
Already rich in socialistic lore.
The second member on your Honor Roll,
Floyd Ellis, with undying thirst of soul
For fame, O fickle, faithless fortune hard!
Will earn a token of the State's regard,
A Walla Walla trip, expenses paid.
Your Gertrude Upton, stern and staid old maid,
Will matron be of Cheney's Old Folk's Home—
One harmless cherished inmate just from Nome,
Les Sanderson, well known the country through,
A martyr to his "Education New."
H. Donovan, the lad of many books,
Devouring them with lean and hungry looks,
Like Cassius in the mighty days of old,
Of him this little story has been told:
A simple strong contrivance he'll invent,
That for all time will certainly prevent
His pile of books upon his arms so thin
From pressing quite so hard against his chin.
To Selma Engstrom, there will come a taste
Of fame, for in her record-breaking haste
To wedlock, slyly on commencement night,
With Dorsey she's prepared for secret flight;
For them will wait a license and a judge.
This ends the tale. Remain the peerless fame
Of January, Thirteen's honored name.

Disappears.

With apologies to Shakespeare,

RALPH EVANS,
FRANCES MILLER,
ETHEL WIEDEMAN,
ELIZABETH CORCORAN.



The North Central High School

IT IS one of the ironies of fate that we can never fully appreciate just how much a thing means to us at the time when we are receiving its benefits. This is a rule that invariably holds true. Only after we have known what it is to be without a home do we realize what home has been to us; only after a true friend has been taken away do we really appreciate the meaning of friendship; and only after we leave the North Central will we realize just how deeply the Alma Mater of our high school days has impressed itself in our hearts.

On the eve of graduation we look back over the four years of our high school life, and memories of the pleasures, the experiences, and most of all the everlasting friendships that we have made come back to us with renewed force and meaning. Now we are about to leave the North Central and enter the broader and wider path of life, and we realize for the first time how much these memories mean to us and how dear they will be to us when we pause in the course of our work in the world to look backward at our high school career. For the first time we realize how valuable is the chapter of our life that is about to be closed.

For four years the North Central High School has fostered us, broadened our lives and our conceptions, and been the ideal of our hearts. For four years it has guided us, taught us to meet the problems of life, and now it is sending us forth to fight the battle not against the world but for the world and for humanity. This is what the North Central has meant to us, and our debt to that institution is one of the debts than can never be paid. From the North Central High School we have received everything, but in return we can give only our loyal gratitude and support.

Eighty-four





A High School Diploma



ON COMMENCEMENT evening forty-five Seniors will receive the rewards for which they have been struggling during their high school course in the shape of diplomas of graduation. And the question arises, What is the value of a high school diploma? Why should the students look forward to its reception as the one big event of their high school careers? The diploma grants no special privileges to the holder. It does not, like the college diploma, permit the recipient to write distinguishing letters after his name, nor does it qualify him to enter a profession, to say that he is fitted to undertake this or that task in life. It fails to bring with it any of the material benefits or advantages that are connected with the graduation from institutions of higher learning, and the question again forces itself to our attention: Of what value is a high school diploma?

After receiving the prize to which he has been looking forward for four years, the graduate will probably take it home, put it in a frame and hang it on the wall, if he happens to have such a frame handy, or put it in some out-of-the-way place and forget all about it. Nine out of every ten will never have cause to refer to it again. But still the diploma must have some value in order to be so attractive to the undergraduate. It must be something more than a mere ornament, a worthless piece of paper tied up in a ribbon, else the night of graduation would not be considered the one night of the whole four years.

The high school diploma is simply an indication that the holder has, to the satisfaction of his instructors, completed the work required of him with a creditable amount of success. Its real value, then, depends upon the student. In itself the diploma means very little, but when the student has really applied himself, when he has gotten out of the work what it was intended he should get, its value can hardly be estimated. Members of the North Central High School, it is up to you! If you are intending merely to graduate with as little effort as possible, if you are working for credits and not for yourselves, you will find the diploma utterly worthless. On the other hand, if you conscientiously go about the task of educating yourselves, of making your high school course what it should be to you, you will be well rewarded on commencement night. What you put into your work is what you will get out of it, no more and no less, and the value of the diploma you receive depends entirely upon you.

Let us hope that the value of a North Central diploma will always be as great as we all wish it to be. And let us do all in our power to make it so.



A College Education

AT THE close of his high school career the graduate is brought face to face with the all important question of whether he shall continue his education in the institutions of higher learning or whether he shall enter the still greater school of life and business experience. This is, perhaps, the most important, the most vital question that he has to answer, and on his decision will rest his future career and his whole life.

There is much to be said on both sides of the question. The answer, in many cases, depends upon the graduate: no decision can be arbitrarily made to apply to all. For many a college education is practically impossible on account of circumstances that cannot be altered; for others it comes as a matter of course. But to the large majority, to whom a college education is not impossible, but, on the other hand, is something that requires not a little effort and self-sacrifice, the question is one that demands thoughtful studying before a decision can be reached.

In deciding which of the two possible paths he shall choose, the graduate must take many things into consideration. He must realize that college education, although by no means necessary to success, is a valuable asset and is becoming still more valuable as the world progresses. On the other hand he must remember that the real value of a college course depends entirely upon himself; that it may be worthless or invaluable as he shall choose to make it. He must take into account the particular line of work for which he is endeavoring to fit himself, the expense, and a hundred other things. But one thing he must consider above all others, if he wants to be a success in the world, and that is that the professional man, the man who specializes in this or that line of work, is the man who is going to win out. The market is already overcrowded with unskilled laborers; even skilled labor is becoming too plentiful to offer a good field for the newcomer in the world of business. But the man who trains his mind as well as his hand, who learns to lead rather than to follow, is the man who is sure to make himself a success. And in training the mind, in teaching the worker to think for himself, to rise above the rank of a human machine, the college education cannot be overvalued.



Senior A Class Report

In this issue for the last time will the Class of January, 1913, be referred to in the Tamarack as the Senior A Class. After January we will be succeeded as Senior A's by another class just as worthy to be Senior A's of the North Central High School as we hope we have been. To promote more friendship and sociability during this last month of our attendance here we have planned a party and a class day program.

The party will be in the form of a masquerade affair and will be held in the high school gymnasium on or about Tuesday, January the fourteenth. The gymnasium will be decorated in the class colors, crimson and gray, and the school colors, red and black. Some members of the faculty and the members of the class will attend. Those appointed to provide entertainment are Howard Rouse, Bernice Hare, and George Teel.

On the Wednesday before graduation we will have our class day program. The program was prepared by Curtis Shoemaker, and it consists of these numbers:

Solo	Alfred Deibert
Vocal Duet.....	Helen Goetz, Gracia Nicholas
Class Will.....	Gust Janson
Class Song	Class
A Sketch.....	Ethel Terry, Mildred Pinkham, Ross Doty
Song, "Alma Mater".....	Class
Class Prophecy.....	Ralph Evans
Class History.....	Dora Doak
Song, "Red and Black".....	Class

The committee appointed to write the Class History is composed of Dora Doak, Ellen Nass, Fae Sandall; the Prophecy, Ethel Wiedeman, Frances



Miller, and Ralph Evans; the Will, Gust Janson, Edgar Smith, and Effie Knudson.

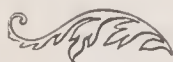
At a recent meeting of the class it was decided to have the rose as our class flower.

Senior B.

After the most successful presentation of the "Pow-Wow," the Senior B's turned their attention to the banquet for the Senior A's. This affair was held at the Inland Club, Friday evening, January the tenth, at seven o'clock. The banquet was planned upon the same elaborate scale that has characterized the other undertakings of the Class of June, '13. Besides the members of the two classes the honor guests were Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves, Mr. and Mrs. Sawtelle, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey, Mr. and Mrs. Moyer, Mr. and Mrs. Rice, and Miss Abernethy.

After the dinner the following program was given:

Toastmaster	Lee Smith
The Senior A Mantle.....	Leslie Sanderson
As They Look to Us.....	William Wilson
Piano Solo	Ruth Tewinkle
Toast to the Class of January, '13.....	Mr. Sawtelle
N. C. H. S.! May Its Shadow Lengthen.....	Alan Paine
Vocal Solo	Mrs. Hargreaves
The Spirit of N. C. H. S.....	Herman Howe
Callow Youth	Mr. Ramsey
A Point of View.....	Elizabeth Corcoran
Reading	Miss Abernethy
Soothing Syrup	Floyd Ellis
Piano Solo	Rosa Schelling
Still At It	Mr. Hargreaves





The Junior A Class

The Junior A's were too busy working in the interest of the Red and Black to prepare a report for the preceding issue of the Tamarack. . But, as our yell-master has stated, "they speak for themselves": it is generally admitted that their achievements have been too conspicuous to ever be overlooked.

What so troubles our rival classes is the fact that the leaderships of the three big school activities for 1912 were bestowed upon Junior A's. Merle Davies, the crack long distance runner, successfully captained the track team. He was ably assisted by Frank Taylor, Don Briley, and Jack Abrams, who broke the Northwest interscholastic record for throwing the javelin. Captain Jack, Don Briley, Art Jones, and Claude Smith all represented their school on the gridiron. Two of the four were unanimous choices for positions on the All-Northwest selection, and another won a place on the All-Inland Empire team. At the present time, you again find Jack in the limelight as captain of the basketball team. Perhaps you noticed the big write-up which Jack received in the Review the morning after the Lewis and Clark game. Ben Cowan and "Steve" are also always on the job. But that is not all. Just to show the confidence which the school has in Junior A's, Claude Smith has been elected captain of the baseball team for 1913, and Don Briley has been chosen to pilot next year's football squad to the championship. So watch our smoke!

The night of December twentieth was certainly lively. Almost the entire class turned out in the school gymnasium to participate in the many amusements which the Social Committee provided. Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves, Mr. and Mrs. Moyer, Mr. and Mrs. Woodward, Miss Elizabeth Kaye, and Miss Gertrude Kaye were the honorary guests of the class. All the girls appeared in short dresses and wore their hair in braids. The costumes of the boys varied all the way from a clown suit to the simple short trousers and blouse of an old

TAMARACK

fashioned "kid." Cap pistols, juice harps, marbles, stick candy, and all kinds of toys took the Juniors "back to babyland."

The games were all well arranged and very entertaining. Mr. Woodward's "swatting" game was particularly amusing. One student would chase and continually knock another on the head with a large knotted towel until the latter had completely encircled a ring. Although we have never been able to seriously knock Mr. Hargreaves, Mr. Moyer, or Mr. Woodward, we were able to do so in fun at least. Many old-time games were also played and enjoyed. Ferris Gehrke, accompanied by Berta Hindley on the piano, then sang "Take Me Back to Baby Land." Little Alvin House followed with a recitation.

Santa Claus, who was well represented by Mr. Moyer, was the next to appear. After all had seated themselves around the large Christmas tree, each received a little toy as a souvenir of the occasion.

The party was concluded with the serving of refreshments in the school cafe. The boys were supposed to draw for partners, but certain love-stricken youths had things prearranged. Everyone went home greatly relieved from the trials and cares of three months of school.

This report is written not to cast any undue praise upon the class of January, '14, but merely to inspire the other classes to the hopeless task of defeating us.

Junior B Class

Just before the Christmas vacation we held a class meeting and decided to have a "Bingville Party," but on account of the near approach of vacation we postponed this party to a date immediately following the holidays. The whole class expects to turn out to this and there will be many interesting features which will be carefully reported in the next issue of *The Tamarack*. So watch for our report in the next issue, for it will contain a complete account of the "Big Doin's in Bingville!"

We look forward, with not little hope, to the time when we shall be Junior A's. At present there are very few who will likely fall short of their regular promotions. The boys, however, find Physics just a little bit hard and there might be a slight deficiency in that particular subject, but all are working hard to keep up with the class. On this account we expect very few failures.

Although we expect to be Junior A's at the close of this semester and Senior B's at the close of next, we shall forever be the June, 1914, Class of the North Central High School.



Sophomore A Class

The Sophomore A's enjoyed their first class party of the year on Friday evening, December twentieth, at the home of Miss Helen Ogsbury, 1128 Augusta Avenue. Red and Black, the school colors, with purple and silver gray, the class colors, were used in the decorations. The evening was spent informally. An excellent program was rendered as follows: Reading, Antoinette Dustan; Quartet, Arthur Meehan, Earl Smith, Howard Olin, and Signor Blum; Vocal Solo, Carol Hocking; Vocal Solo, Jessie Nicholas; speeches by Donald Stewart and Earl Smith.

Perhaps the most interesting event of the evening was the mock marriage. Will Dwyer was the beautiful, blushing bride, John Groom, the happy bridegroom, and Merritt Pemrose, the nervous minister. It is needless to say that the scene was extremely touching.

The prizes for a guessing contest were awarded to Olga Narvestad and Elmer Isaacson. Late in the evening refreshments were served. The honor guests were: Miss Fehr, Miss Gibson, and Miss McNitt.

The committee members who had charge of the party were: Signor Blum, Chairman of Program Committee; Helen Hare, Carol Hocking, Jessie Nicholas, Merritt Pemrose, and Howard Olin; Pearl Oman, Chairman of Refreshment and Decorating Committees; Marguerite Wiegman, Olga Narvestad, Helen Ogsbury, Arthur Meehan, Earl Smith, and Aza Brawley.



Sophomore B Class

Soph'more B, Ra, Ra!

Soph'more B, Ra, Ra!

Hoo Ra, Hoo Ra!

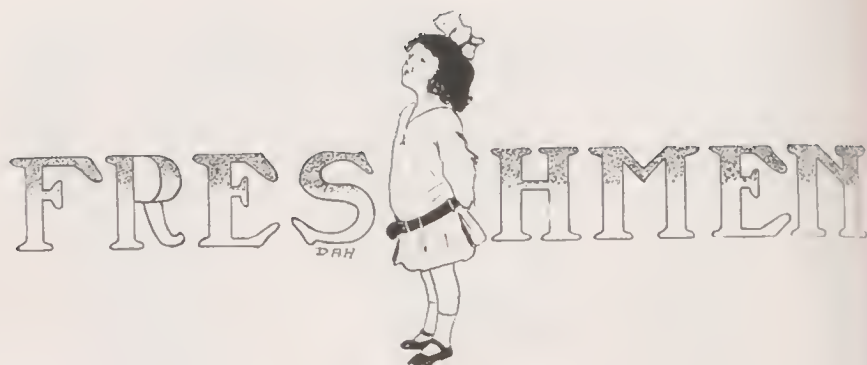
Soph'more B, Ra, Ra!

Class Colors: *Corn and Lavender*

There's no use talking, we've got the honors cinched. That big doings is coming off soon. "Watch for IT!"

At the last meeting of the class an interesting program was given, the main features being a talk on "Travels Through Europe" from personal experience, by Miss Broomhall, and a reading, "A Close Shave," by Ira Ketcham. The class is planning to have many more interesting programs in the future and its members are taking a prominent part in all the activities of the school.





9-A Class

Our class has now been organized one semester, and this we consider our most important work, as the members of this large class are now acquainted and together are ready to pursue the remaining three years of the High School course in the same creditable manner in which they have started. We feel a just pride in our class, which in its first year is so well represented in all the school activities.

The program for our next meeting is:

Piano solo..... Vivian Lydell
 Reading .. Grace Eide

Debate—Resolved, that there is more pleasure in anticipation than in realization. By Howard Dennison and Homer Ansley.

Violin solo.....Maxine McArthur

Freshman B Class

Freshies, wake up! You have a large class that is already making a name for itself in school activities, but why have you neglected to organize? Individually you have made yourselves heard but not collectively; as a class you have done absolutely nothing. Organize, and become one of us! Let us hear from you as a school organization. Men of the verdant hue, wake up!

Ninety-four





The Masque

Plans have been made for a tryout for membership in the Masque to be held about the middle of January in order to fill the places of those who graduate at the close of the semester. An interesting contest is expected. Four vacancies are to be filled, made by the graduation of Gracia Nicholas, Elizabeth Corcoran, Floyd Ellis, and Herman Howe.

It has been decided to give the annual Masque play about the middle of March, and the whole club is looking forward to this event. The play will be coached by Miss Abernethy and practically all of the members expect to try for parts.

On November twenty-seventh a meeting was held at the home of Miss Broomhall in the nature of a Thanksgiving party. The features of the program were original poems written during the course of the evening, prizes being given for the two best productions, and the story written by Miss Broomhall for which the adjectives were supplied by the members of the club. A curious narrative was the result.

On the evening of December fourth an open meeting was held at the school and an interesting program was given. The main feature of the evening was a playlette in which the leading parts were taken by Pearl Oman and Martin Chamberlain. Stuart Lower, together with Miss Cecelia Kerkhoven, furnished the comedy of the occasion, while the other parts were handled by Maud Van Meter and Margaret Hunter. Readings by Russell White, an installment to the Masque serial story by Lois Donaldson, and a vocal solo by Marie Scroggin furnished the rest of the entertainment.

The Masque Christmas party, given for the benefit of the graduate members who were home for their vacations, took place at the home of William Wilson, December the twenty-seventh. The program consisted of an installment to the serial story, by Herman Howe; a Christmas story, by Aden Keele; music by Lois Donaldson, Nellie McColl, and Donald Wilson; "Clippings from the Spokesman-Review, December 27, 1923," by Miss Broomhall; original poems by Robert O'Brien; and the distribution of presents by Santa Claus. Christmas poems were written by most of the members of the club and published in neat little booklets, which were given to the members of the club as souvenirs. The Christmas meeting and reunion was one of the most enjoyable events of the year.



Debating Society

On November the nineteenth an interesting program was given at the Debating Society, consisting of a debate on the question: "Resolved, That the term of the President of the United States should be extended to six years and that each President be limited to one term." The affirmative was upheld by Howard Potter and Tom Allen, and the negative by Gayton Knight and Donald Stewart. The decision was unanimous in favor of the affirmative. Mr. Overman, the new faculty director of the society, gave an interesting address on the benefits of a debating society.

The program on December third consisted of a vocal duet rendered by Misses Gracia and Jessie Nicholas and a rousing debate on the question: "Resolved, That it is better to be fat than skinny." Robert O'Brien upheld the cause of the stout man with the rotund form, while Russell White successfully championed the cause of the skinny man. The decision was two to one in favor of the negative.

The meeting on December seventeenth was opened by a piano solo by Miss Rosa Schelling. The debate for this occasion was on the question: "Resolved, That all city and town newspapers should be controlled by the municipality." The affirmative was taken by Edgar Smith and Guilbert Cundy, and the negative by Leroy Armon and Ward Walker. The decision was divided in favor of the affirmative.

On January seventh the club was favored by a piano solo by Leslie Taylor. The subject for debate was: "Resolved, That contract labor is preferable to day labor," the affirmative being upheld by Misses Cecelia Kerkhoven and Gracia Nicholas, and the negative by Misses Elizabeth Corcoran and Emma Landerville.

The program for the closing meeting of the semester on January twenty-first consists of a vocal solo by Ruth Hollemback, a discussion of what has been accomplished during the past year and of the political outlook for the future.

The work accomplished during the semester under the direction of Mr. Overman and the present officers has been entirely satisfactory and the society has been firmly established. It is now ready to take up an even better line of work for those interested in debating and public speaking during the years to come.



German Society

That the "Germanistische Gesellschaft" is gaining in popularity as a society is shown by its rapidly-increasing membership. There have been some very fine programs rendered in the past and the society promises to have equally good ones in the future. The following program was held on Thursday, December 5:

Conversational German.....	Miss Fehr
German reading.....	Mary Tee
Vocal solo in German.....	Minnie Williams
Debate in German.....	
Ludwig Buhl, Marie Freeland, Ruth Tewinkle, Margaret Wietzman	
German reading.....	Leona Peerson
French horn solo.....	Kemp Holt



Who are the Deltas? What? You don't know? Where in North Central have you been? You are a peculiar kind of a booster for North Central, not to know who and for what the big Delta organization stands. You know in North Central everybody is a booster, but it is the law of Nature that there must be leaders. Well, there certainly is a lively bunch of fellows in the Deltas. You ask if it is that Sunday School bunch mentioned in the paper the other morning? Well, I should say not, and if you ever get mixed up with

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them you certainly will not think they are any bunch of Sunday School heroes.

Every school activity is in some way represented by a Delta. Every Delta is a true North Central man and does real boosting for his school. We have a fine bunch of fellows, who are a credit to the school, and each and every one are striving to make the North Central foremost in every requirement of what constitutes a winning school.

Our bunch has good times, as recreation is always necessary to those who accomplish great things. Why not be a Delta? Well, you will have to start now to apply for a membership, as our number is limited. Be sure you ask a Delta, but be sure you don't ask him anything he don't know, for he won't know anything which he knows he is not to tell, so beware.

We are looking for real live wires and genuine North Central boosters who have a few ideas of their own, and back-bone enough to know it. We are particular, and so you better straighten up now. Take notice of what we are doing and watch our programs, and if you are a real fellow you will appreciate the fellows who do things, so therefore you cannot help but appreciate the Deltas, for they do things. We're off now, we have a good start, and are now doing things.

Now, all North Central fellows who have a desire to be a booster and be of some good to the school, and who have ambition enough to undertake something worth while, had better start now to show their colors, and their caliber, for the "Deltas" are watching the comers.

Watch the "Deltas!"

This write-up is officially authorized by the Delta members.





The North Central has entered the State League this year with a view to winning the state debating championship and again bringing home the proverbial bacon to the Red and Black. Thus far they are undefeated. Early in the season a debate tryout was held on the question, "Resolved, That this state should continue its present policy of constructing state roads and permanent highways, with increasing appropriations therefor." This is the subject for debate in the state contest. Out of those trying for places, Edward Shears, Gilen Vaughn, Russell White, and Aden Keele were chosen as a squad to work on the question together with the coach, Mr. Overman. Later Alan Paine was added to the squad.

Up to Friday, December twentieth, all the scheduled debates were forfeited to the North Central, so the team went to Waitsburg that evening with a clean record. Waitsburg, having won the state championship year before last and having been in second place at the close of the 1911-1912 season, was recognized as a factor not to be despised in the race this year. The North Central team, however, composed of Alan Paine and Russell White, who upheld the affirmative of the question, won a unanimous decision over their first

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real opponents and are still in line for the championship. The judges for the debate were Professors Bratton, Clark and Davis from Whitman College. As the league is in the nature of an elimination contest, one defeat being sufficient to drop any team from the list, no definite program has been made out and the list of future debates is undecided. This much we do know, however, that the chances for coming out victorious are bright.

A debate scheduled by Hillyard with the Greer High School team for Friday, November twentieth, was called off at the last minute, and as all arrangements had been made by Hillyard a team from the North Central was chosen to give an extemporaneous debate. This team consisted of Robert O'Brien, Aden Keele, and Herman Howe, who upheld the negative of the question, "Resolved, That all railroads doing interstate business should be owned and operated by the federal government." In spite of the fact that they had less than a day to prepare their argument a rousing debate was put up. The Hillyard debaters were Anaide Meyers, Ralph Doud, and Kathryn Lufkin, who had been coached by Miss Laura F. Rate, instructor of English. Out of courtesy to the North Central debaters no judges were chosen.



MR. OVERMAN

Debate Coach





Football

After the wonderful record of the first football team of the North Central and the successful termination of the season by the victory on Thanksgiving Day, nothing remained but the explanation and the celebration. In regard to the first, did you notice the way the football men of the country sized the team up? It was unanimously proclaimed the best piece of football machinery that was ever put together from light high school material, and every authority agreed that at least three of the players had earned a place on the All-Northwest team. This was unprecedented in the history of football. Authorities also agreed in naming Rouse as the best quarter since the time of Dickey, and all but one of them placed him on the list as captain of the All-Star aggregation. All of which is pretty good—for a starter. And the chances for an even better team next year are excellent.

After the close of the season the team was treated to three banquets, one given by the Central Presbyterian Church, one by Mr. O'Callahan, and the third by the North Central Athletic Association.

The Centenary Presbyterian Church Banquet

The first banquet for our husky bunch of gridiron heroes was given by the Boys' class of the Centenary Presbyterian Church in the parlors of the church Friday evening, December the sixth. Those invited were: Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves, Mr. and Mrs. Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. Moyer, the first team, and Student Manager Tate. After a very sumptuous feast of turkey and everything

One hundred two

TAMARACK.

that goes with it, a very enjoyable program was held, Rev. Bluhm acting as toast-master. Robert O'Brien gave the address of welcome to the guests on behalf of the church. Toasts were responded to by Mr. Moyer, Mr. Hargreaves, Mr. Woodward, Briley, Abrams, Rouse, Krogstad, and Tate.

Neat little souvenirs of the occasion were the menu cards, on which were the names of the players, their ages, weights, heights, and the scores of the season's games. A miniature football field, with goal posts, yardage lines, and two football teams, with one team ready to kick off, was set between the tables. The dinner was served by the young ladies of the church and afterwards the boys of the team served the girls.

The boys all voted Centenary Presbyterian Church and Rev. Bluhm royal entertainers and were delighted to hear that the banquet is to be an annual affair.



ABRAMS

BRILEY

ROUSE

THE ALL-NORTHWEST TRIO

One hundred three



Mr. O'Callahan's Banquet

Mr. O. C. O'Callahan proved a very entertaining host at a banquet given in the East Room, Davenport's, on December the tenth, to the first and second teams, Coach and Mrs. Moyer, Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves, Mr. and Mrs. Woodward, Mr. Kennedy, Dr. Neeley, Student Manager Tate, and Yellmaster Tom Allen. After a delightful feed a very interesting program of toasts was given, in which nearly everybody present either proposed or responded to a toast. All reported a very pleasant evening and, after listening to Mr. O'Callahan's toast, the few who had not before known him personally decided that his reputation as a promoter of good athletics was very much deserved and that he is a "Prince of Good Fellows."

The Association Banquet

The final banquet of the season was given by the North Central Athletic Association, December nineteenth, at the Inland Club, to the "squad," which includes the first and second teams, scrubs, Coaches Moyer and Woodward, Dr. Neeley, and "Head Trainer" Bas Jerard. The members of the Athletic Council, F. G. Kennedy, R. T. Hargreaves, Tom Allen, and Robert Tate were also present. Mr. Hargreaves acted as toastmaster. The members of the second team found the rewards for their faithful service this year hidden under their plates in the shape of a red "S" with "2nd" across it in black. Student Manager Tate also received his emblem at this banquet.

After about two hours of eating and singing, Mr. Hargreaves called upon several for toasts, as follows:

Mr. Kennedy.....	"The Prolate Spheroid"
John Goddard.....	"Some Incidents of 1912"
Basil Jerard.....	"Conditioning the Team"
Don Briley.....	"Kicking Goal"
Ed Alverson.....	"The Red and Black"
Mr. Woodward.....	"Pleasures of Athletics"
Captain Abrams.....	"Our Coach"
David McKenzie.....	"The Spirit of North Central"
Howard Rouse.....	"Our Little Boosters"
Coach Moyer.....	"The Days of Real Sport"



Captain Abrams was then awarded the football won on Thanksgiving Day. Dr. Neeley closed the program by a short talk on athletics as they concerned the welfare of nations of the past. This banquet is an annual affair given by the Association, and will be always looked forward to with great pleasure by members of the squad.

The Honor Letters

The successful football season of 1912 was closed in a very fitting manner by the presentation of the honor "S" to fifteen men on the squad by Mr. Hargreaves, in chapel, Friday, December twentieth. The team voted to give Coach Moyer one of the letters, which was also presented to him at this convocation. Those who received the honor letters were: Rouse, Skadan, Harris, Krogstad, Kolbe, Jones, Owens, Goddard, McKinney, Briley, E. Smith, Abrams, C. Smith, Bullivant, and Van Dissel.

The letter presented to Captain Abrams was a distinctive letter, being a black "S" outlined in red. Coach Moyer presented Captain-elect Briley with a football to practice punting with between now and next fall. Then Ed Alverson, on behalf of the second team, of which he was captain, presented Mr. Woodward with a watch and fob as an expression of the appreciation of his faithful work in coaching them this year.

The first team, Basil Jerard, and Student Manager Tate have presented Mr. and Mrs. Moyer with a mahogany music cabinet as a small token of their appreciation of the work done in getting the team into shape.

The Band

We all know that a band is a good thing to have at a football game, and not having such an organization in our school we decided to hire one. A collection, at ten cents per student, was started in the session rooms. Roswell Baker solicited several of the merchants and business men on Monroe Street and they all responded very cheerfully. A total of about \$63 was raised in these two ways.

Reimer's band was hired for the Big Game and they certainly were there with the big music. The boys on the team say that they never had anything so inspiring before a game as the band playing the good old "Red and Black."

One hundred five

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The students of North Central want to extend to the merchants and business men their sincere thanks for the hearty way in which they supported the band, financially. Those contributing were: Sollar Bros., Dudley Halberg, H. F. Mathis, W. R. Brooks, Brown's Pharmacy, Clizer's Pharmacy, Vinther Nelson, Stahlberg Pharmacy, J. H. Roberts, Nettleton Shoe Store, Goldfield Market, Arthur Robeson, and W. J. Hindley.



North Central vs. Latah

The game with Latah was the first real basket-ball game of the season. The Lewis and Clark team had previously defeated Latah, 35 to 29, so this game would show the relative prowess of the two local teams. For this reason and because it was the first chance the students had of seeing this year's team in action, many lingered after school to witness the game. The boys' yelling squads yelled until they were hoarse and enthusiasm was great.

It was "easy pickins" for North Central in the first half, the score turning out 17 to 5. In the second half Latah strengthened greatly, the scoring being nearly even, mostly because Coach A. C. Woodward gave the subs a chance to work. He substituted six times. Our infallible leader, Jack Abrams, was the only one who finished the game out of the original lineup. C. Davis starred for Latah, while Rouse and Cowan did splendid work for the Red and Black. The lineup:

North Central			Latah	
Cowan	Center		C. Davis	
Rouse	R. G.		E. Davis	
Abrams	L. G.		Jarvis	
Van Dissel	L. F.		Robertson	
Brawley	R. F.		Bartlett	

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Substitutions—Olin for Van Dissel, Middleton for Rouse, Stevens for Brawley, Johnson for Stevens, Smith for Middleton, McDonald for Cowan.

Referee—C. W. Parks of Latah.

Umpire—Davis of North Central.

Goals—Cowan 2, Brawley 1, Abrams 7, Rouse 3, Stevens 1, C. Davis 6, Bartlett 1.

Scores on Fouls—Abrams 3, C. Davis 6.



North Central Basket Ball Team

Lewis and Clark Game

The score, 35 to 19, tells its own story.

Some one said, "Too much Abrams" for the South Siders, but this is merely an excuse. It is true that our husky "Abraham" shot over two-thirds of all the baskets, but he couldn't play single-handed, nor did he. Each member of the North Central aided him and many clever passes were executed by each member. Cowan, our new athlete from Walla Walla, plays a fast game. This game was well attended, the girls doing their share of the cheering and color-

One hundred seven



CAPTAIN ABRAMS



COACH WOODWARD

waving as well as the boys, all of which cheered the team on to victory.

The Lewis and Clark boys tossed baskets at will before the game, but when under fire failed badly. If even a small per cent of their chances to score had been made they would have cinched the game. The boys on both teams played a good, clean, sportsmanlike game. The lineup:

N. C. H. S.

L. C. H. S.

Brawley	R. F.	Bakke
Abrams	L. F.	Saylor
Cowan	C.	Zimmerman
Van Dissel	R. G.	La Fayette
Rouse	L. G.	Andrews

Goals—Abrams 10, Cowan 2, Rouse 2, Bakke 4, La Fayette 3, Zimmerman 1.

One hundred eight

TAMARACK.

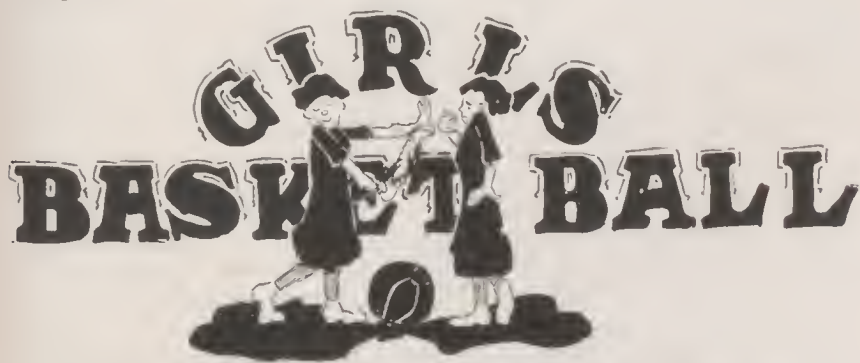
Class Games

The boys in the regular gymnasium classes have been playing off a schedule of games, the teams being picked from the classes. The Junior A's have won all four games played, while the Junior B's came out second, having won three and lost one game.

The percentages to date are:

	Won	Lost	Per Cent
Junior A	4	0	1000
Junior B	3	1	750
Sophomore A	2	1	666
Freshman B	1	3	250
Freshman A	1	3	250
Sophomore B	1	4	200

All of the games were good ones, most of the boys having had some experience. The first team had many candidates chosen from the stars of these class games.



A girls' basket-ball league has also been playing games for some time under the direction of Coach A. C. Woodward. The girls have an interschool schedule and are meeting on the gym floor every Tuesday morning and afternoon. They are playing for the school championship and to date Mary Ruble's team, the "Kewpies," have won all their games except one tie with the "Bears," Helen Goetz's team. The other two teams in the league are Miss Davenport's "Cubs" and Miss Endie's "Snookums." The girls all play a fast game, and if a star team be picked from this league they would make the first N. C. H. S. team hump to beat them.



Track Prospects

Some of our track athletes are beginning to work out for the spring season and, although it is a little early to prophesy, the sky certainly looks clear. Mr. Moyer and Mr. Woodward are casting their weather eyes around for suitable material, which is not overabundant. Come out! and let's see what you can do! Your class will need you in the class meets and so will the school need you in the meets with Pullman, Lewis and Clark, and others!

Early in December Captain Matters of the 1913 track team made an appeal for long-distance runners to turn out for a cross-country run. The squad started at the school and, running to Corbin Park, and through it, returned to the building. Fifteen or twenty boys, including six or seven new ones, came out and a good showing was made. This run was not a race, but only a try-out to size up the long-distance men for the coming season.

Shortly after the Christmas vacation an indoor interclass meet will be pulled off and the team which is to represent the North Central in the Interscholastic meets will be picked from the winners.

A track meet has been arranged with the officials of Pullman High School, for an early date in the spring, and although our hopes are high, the score will not be one-sided either way. A few of the boys to whom we must look to "bring home the bacon" are: Captain Matters, ex-Captain Davies, Chamberlain, Taylor, King, Glaze, Wilhelm, Hamilton, Phillips, Stewart, Phillpot, Bender, Briley, Steele. Abrams, Sanborn, Lee Smith, Cyril Smith, Earl Smith, Lyman Johnson, and Ralph Johnson.



November 21.

The North Central in convocation was honored by the presence of Professor Brattou of Whitman and Mr. Coleman, a government official of India. Mr. Bratton spoke of the pleasures of life and how they were best obtained. Mr. Coleman followed with an interesting talk on self-reliance, which he said was an essential to success.

November 27.

A convocation was held in which "two crack organizations of the school" were before the student body. One was the orchestra and the other the football team on the stage. It was distinctly the most enthusiastic football chapel of the year. Those from the faculty that spoke were Mr. Kennedy, Coach Moyer, and Physical Director Woodward; and from the team, Jack Abrams and Howard Rouse. When the convocation was over a yell meeting of the boys was held.

December 6.

The Junior and Senior boys met in the Auditorium and, under the direction of Mr. Miller and Mr. Carpenter, one of North Central's best societies, the Engineering and Science Club, was organized. Mr. Miller told of the nature of the work which the club was to carry on and Mr. Carpenter agreeably surprised the boys when he told of the opening date, a banquet on December twelfth, furnished by the Domestic Science girls.

December 12.

A convocation was called to announce the appearance of the second issue of the Tamarack. Herman Howe spoke of the Senior issue, stating when the material was to be in. He was followed by Bob Tate, who made some announcements regarding the "Ad" contest. Mr. Hargreaves then announced the first basket-ball game with our friends across the river and spoke for a large attendance.

One hundred eleven

TAMARACK

December 18.

An exceedingly interesting practice debate was held before the school on the question: "Resolved, That this state should continue the policy of constructing state roads and permanent highways with increasing appropriations therefor." Those representing the negative were Edward Shears and Aden Keele, and the affirmative, Russell White and Alan Pain. Mr. Overman acted as chairman.

December 20.

On Friday, the last day of school before the Christmas vacation, an entertaining program was given in the Auditorium. Mr. Hargreaves announced the results from the Tamarack "Ad" contest, the following students receiving prizes in the order named: Lena Wilson, George Teel, Mildred Kershaw, Melvin Pugh, Bess Chapman, Ralph Neely, Nellie Gray, Sam Grinsfelder, and Esta Davidson. Harry Lynde then delighted the assembly with a solo, displaying a fine baritone voice. Following was the chief feature of the convocation, the distribution, to the football men, of the letters, and the speeches, especially the speeches, by them.



VINCENT WHITE
U. of W. Debater



The Christmas meeting of the Alumni Association has been postponed to a later date, owing to the lack of a quorum.

The Alumni that are home for the holidays are Harold Cundy, Ralph Robinson, Olive Turner, Walter Doust, Paul Neill, Neva Bucher, Marion Wise, and Louis Seagreaves.

North Central Alumni at the University of Washington:

Vincent White, pledged Delta Tau Delta Fraternity, member of the U. of W. debating team which will meet Whitman, member of Stevens Debating Club.

Ralph Robinson, pledged Phi Gamma Delta, has good prospects for a place on Varsity Basket-ball team.

John Truesdell, pledged Delta Chi.

Inez Crippen, pledged Alpha Chi Omega Sorority.

Neva Bucher, pledged Alpha Xi Delta Sorority, member of Freshman Social Committee, had charge of Freshman booth at Varsity Ball.

Walter Doust, pledged Sigma Alpha Epsilon, turning out for Freshman crew, now on Crew No. 1.

Aubray Martin, although not an Alumnus, but a member of the first debating team, is now attending a dental school in Portland.

Louis Seagreaves is home from Canada. He intends to enter the U. of W. this January.

A seventh period kindergarten class for whisperers has been organized by Miss Abernethy. The representation was very good the first night and has been growing rapidly ever since. New recruits are wanted. Boys preferred. Apply Room 211.

Circulation
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The Trumpet

Promulgated semi-occasionally and devoted to the interests of art, science, literature and dry farming

LAST
EDITION

VOL. 889, NO. 99999

ESTABLISHED B. C. 1602

PRICE 30c per

EDITORIALS.

As the editor of a paper of great influence in this community we feel it our duty to write a few words of advice to you Seniors who are now leaving us.

If you are preparing to go out and take a fall out of this old world, think again. You have evidently been successful in bluffing your way at school; but remember that work and school are two very different things. You may have cherished hopes of managing a trust company or bank; however, if some large-hearted person should offer you a third class job, selling fish or peddling milk, don't scoff at him. The little insult of \$9.00 per week connected with it may keep the wolf from the door. Remember that Abe Lincoln, Benj. Franklin, Dr. Cook, R. T. Hargreaves, Carrie Nation and myself all rose to fame in spite of handicaps, all through hard work. If adversity to hard work is so deeply rooted in your system that it interferes with your making an honest living, we would suggest that you either hold your breath for about an hour or else walk off the top of the Old National Bank Building some dark night.

"Hobb Stewart and Mack were down town last night."

"Mack who?"

"Why, Mackinaw, you simp."

"Some speed to Otto."

"Who is Otto?"

"Ottomobile."

Use Dr. Skadan's Anti-Fat.

The only remedy which produces the desired results. Read what one satisfied user says.

Dear Sir:

Three months ago I was exceedingly large. In fact I weighed 406 lbs. 6 ounces. A friend recommended your remedy to me. It has done more for me than I expected. The first week I took 8 gallons and the next week 10 gals. In this way I have succeeded in reducing my weight to 406 lbs. I heartily recommend your remedy to anyone.

Respectfully,

ROBT KOLBY.

The circulation of "The Trumpet" is steadily increasing. In 1886 we had less than 150 regular subscribers, while now it is read in 158 homes. "We should worry and starve to death."

We print calling cards with your name on them. Our wife also takes in washings. See about it at our office.

Zoological Discoveries.
(Compiled by Drs. Brawley and Donovan.)

Bacteria—An animal which somewhat resembles the goat, but varies in that it has larger, while its nose is of a delicate old-rose color.

Amoeba—This animal is of a very peculiar nature. To a certain extent it is like the rhinoceri. It roosts upon telegraph poles and builds a brick nest. They have even been seen to smoke cigarettes. This animal is very rare and almost extinct; it has been seen only in the Palouse country.

Cow—These animals are not altogether extinct in this country. A cow has four legs (of this we are not absolutely sure, but this is the case with all we have ever seen). These legs are symmetrically distributed about the several corners of the animal. It is the usual thing for cows to have two horns (use unknown) upon the anterior end and one tail upon the posterior end. When properly approached, with plenty of bran and gentle manner, cows will often give milk.

We will be forced to omit the usual Bunn-Holden jokes this issue owing to unforeseen difficulties.

The Trumpet

Today in History.

659 years ago this morning, at 2 a. m., King Henry VIII was brought home from his club in "a disgraceful condition," as his wife expressed it, and she proceeded to give him a good "dressing down." The fact that he got a divorce from her is usually attributed to this.

459 years ago today Gutenberg started "The Tamarack." One of his minor accomplishments for which he is also remembered is the invention of printing.

295 years ago today Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded. It is said that he climbed lightly up to the scaffold and, punching the headsman jestingly in the ribs, pertly remarked, "Oh you cutup!" This was very clever of Walter, and it shows clearly that he had a good sense of humor.

For Sale—A number of first class medals, emps, ribbons etc. for sale at a bargain.

"Ola is sure some player, isn't he?"
"Who's Ola?"
"Pianola."
"Oh, pshaw!"

Geo. Washington a prominent citizen of the U. S. was first President thereof.

Hints for Ladies,
Young and Old
(By Geo. Belshaw.)

A most charming and economical muff may be

made by anyone in their own home, with very little trouble, if the following instructions are observed: First take a medium sized cylindrical syrup can; with a can opener remove both the top and bottom. The lining must next be put in. A piece of old carpet or horse blanket makes a beautiful lining and is also very warm. A very pleasing effect is produced by nailing a row of brass tacks around each end of the muff. If one is artistic the muff may be finished by either painting or embroidering pansies, carrots or watercress upon the sides.

One of the greatest questions which the popular young lady of today has to face is that of entertaining gentlemen callers, especially if there are more than one. A new and entertaining game which has been tried out in the larger cities is given below. The game is called "Beat It." First all the rugs are placed on the clothes line, and the contestants are provided with rug beaters. At a certain signal the players are requested to beat the rugs. The one who beats his rug in the shortest time is presented with some small prize, such as a pair of suspenders or a box of animal crackers. The game is very appropriately named, inasmuch as the players usually do "beat it."

Theo. Roosevelt was president of the U. S.

from 1904 to 1908 but is little heard of at present.

St. Patrick, the inventor of the holiday which bears his name, was born 1073 years ago tomorrow in a small town Kjfolen Co. Norway.*

*Ed. Note. The office boy has informed us that the above is a mistake. He says St. Patrick was born in N. Y. City where he was police sergeant under the Tammany hall administration.

Ad Contest

The trumpet has contributed the following prizes to the Tamarack ad contest.

First. 3 impt. dried Herring.

Second. 1 pr. suspenders.

Third. 1 bar of soap.

We here reprint a very clever little joke from the "Rokxvzokj Wromsvoff," a paper published in Scrovjiz, Russia:

Smizovieh: "I ju yughg mivnrtki daasen-jlyv evresez?"

Krokneskvitch: "En-izivng kug xaldn lyqji yuranaj."

The dry humor of Krokneskvitch's answer is really laughable, and is typical Russian wit.—Ed.



Mr. Strieter: "You don't need the adding machine. I betcha I can add those figures up faster in my head than you can on the adding machine."

John G.: "Maybe you can, but I'm from Missouri."

Miss Broomhall (giving examples of reflexive verbs in French class): "He cut himself. He flattered himself that he could do it."

Mr. Sanborn (in Physical Jig II): "What is rye bread like?"

Howard L.: "It is kind of brown and tastes like—the dickens."

Given as anticlimax in Eng. II class: "A man attains fame and then a wife."

Miss McNitt: "I call that climax."

Tom A.: "Will someone make a motion about these poems?"

Glen V.: "I make a date that we mail them Monday."

Miss B.: "That's a date with a male (mail)."

A Senior B has become especially noted for her great ability in match-making.

A great red spot glowed on the back of Elizabeth Corcoran's neck.

D.D.: "Why, Elizabeth, who has been chewing your neck?"

F. G. (in English II): "The giant grabbed Gerath around the waist and tried to choke him."

Why does Mary M. stand around in the north entrance each noon?

One hundred sixteen



ABOUT OUR FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

1. A noisy, obstreperous fellow—McKinney.
 2. A quiet member—Goddard.
 3. A real orator—Briley.
 4. Some one the girls really like—Van Dissel.
 5. The end man with the grin—Curly Locks Skadan.
 6. Only a simple Senior, but (?)—Rouse.
 7. Another quiet member—"Pinky" Kolbe.
 8. Ask Mr. Hargreaves—Abrams.
 9. Our weighty member—Jones.
 10. The fellow of the bright tie and the pompadour—Smith.
 11. A member who didn't orate—Owen.
-

Eva O'Neil used to buy her rolls at any bakery shop in the city at 15c per, but now she seems satisfied with only one roll (Role) from the Spokane Bakery. She says, "This one roll (Role) is much nicer than a dozen rolls from any other bakery."

P. S.—Why are Spokane Bakery rolls any nicer than any other rolls?

Answer: Ask Eva. She knows.

Heard in German I: "Im Anfang machte Gott Himmel und Erde."

Boy (translating): "In the beginning God made *him* and *her*."

S. E. Kaye was caught flirting with the basket-ball captain, thereby she is disqualified to hold a position on the Hall-pacers' police force.

Elaine: "Athol, you are sitting on my cat."

Athol: "Oh! is that so? Why, I thought it was you squealing."

Miss Kaye: "These soldiers did a good deal of plundering. You see, they had taking ways."

Leslie S., alias Alfred (rapturously): "It smells just like a Chinese wash-house, but it smells awfully good to anyone who is used to it."

A. M.: "That brother of mine could swear before he could talk."



CONTRACT.

IT IS HEREBY MUTUALLY AGREED by and between Miss Edeana Blondy Meyers, the party of the first part, and Geo. R. Steere, the party of the second part, that the said party of the first part hereby agrees and expresses herself as willing and ready to act as, and hereafter be, Guardian Angel to, and for the said party of the second part, with all that this office implies to her and the said party of the second part. Also the party of the second part hereby agrees to submit to the above named treatment, so long as the party of the first part may wish to exercise her power.

STATE OF WASHINGTON,

County of Spokane,

Geo. R. Steere, being first duly sworn on oath, deposes and says:

That he has read the above contract and signed it knowingly and with aforethought.

GEO. R. STEERE.

WITNESS our hands and seals in duplicate, this 10th day of November, A. D. 1912.

JEAN GORRILL, (Seal)
LEON HILLS. (Seal)

One bright December day when the snow whitened the earth and the students in the library were especially busy studying (an unusual day), a very peculiar and indescribable odor as of something burning was wafted about the room. Our librarian, Miss Fargo, walked about sniffing. Upon coming close to the right-hand table at the back of the room she was sure the difficulty lay in that vicinity. To one of less brain everything would have appeared all right, but to Miss Fargo—? There sat Curly Skadan and a number of his fellow students working diligently, their fingers in their ears that no sound should break the lofty train of thoughts that were running through their brains. Due to her keen, sharp eyes and more careful inspection, Miss Fargo discovered to her horror that a tuft of Curly Skadan's hair had grown to such a length as to touch upon the back of his neck. Detective Fargo declares officially that the odor was no other than that of rubber burning.

Mr. Herman Howe, Esq. (and Hon.)

Editor-in-Chief of the "Tamarack",

N. C. H. S., Spokane, Wash.

Dear Sir:

I have been apprised both verbally and in writing that some one at the notable N. C. H. S. is attempting to equal or surpass my "wienie sandwich" record established in the spring semester of 1912. Let him not trifle with self-evident impossibilities. If, however, by some wonderful display of abdominal capacity he equals my present record I will register as a P. G. and establish a new record, so help me! That goes. It is so written.

Sincerely,
PAUL NEILL.

If you want first-class advice about cold cream and powders, girls, just ask Bill Kenovan. He knows.

Who said that Helen and W. were put off the floor for "ragging"?

One hundred eighteen



"DEARIE" IS STILL PUSHING THE QUESTION.

To you not very long ago,
I wrote a little note, you know;
I hoped to get an answer, too,
But no, I have had none from you.

True, a "yes" would make me glad,
And a "no" would make me sad;
But neither one is quite as bad
As silence, which will drive me mad.

So now I ask you just once more
The favor that I asked before,
And trust you'll answer my request,
With "yes" or "no," so I can rest.
—Dearie, Otherwise Known as Daniel S.

The literary boarder fastened his eyes upon the hash.
"Kindly pass the Review of Reviews," he said.

E. W. (in German V class, translating): "—and the royal blood which
flows through your brains."

Eva O. (reciting tragic poetry in Public Speaking class): "And I, well,
I was fresh."

Time—Every day, Period I.
Place—Sewing class.
Girl—Lolita C.
Cause—Public Speaking, Period II.
Effect—Oh, girls, tell me something to say.

Cecelia K. (describing a party): "The house was lighted and the hostess
passed out paper cards with skulls and dead cats pasted on them."

Senior A Class History (for reference see slip on Mr. Sawtelle's desk):
Daffodil Tuttle, born in Bingville, Prune County.



~~ROEDEL~~

P.S. AFTER LABELING
THIS PICTURE WE HAVE
DECIDED IT LOOKS MORE
LIKE SANDERSON.

WILL I PASS IN
EVERYTHING



PAINÉ

THE ETERNAL QUESTION.



MOST ANYTHING

A LOT OF SLIGHTLY USED
MISTLETOE FOR SALE CHEAP—
HOWARD ROUSE.



NOTE— SAME MISTLETOE
AS ABOVE.



D.A. HAMILTON



BRILEY HAVING
GROUP PICTURE
TAKEN OF HIMSELF.



CAN YOU TELL—

Why Mary and Delbert never disagree?
Why Nellie and Le Roy never agree?
Why Dorothy Fairly's nose is never shiny?
Why Gracia N. likes Act III?
Why is Leslie Alfred S. so popular?
Why George Belshaw is so tall?

Smart Sophie: "Well, cheer up, old man, even if you have a failure or two and even if you have everything against you there is one place you can find sympathy."

Poor Freshie (with a start): "Where?"

Sophie: "In the dictionary."

Freshie: "Stung!"

Helen N. (in History VII class): "The Monitor was built so that it only had two feet above the water."

Conclusion to an English II theme: "Besides saving nine souls our Sunday School class made ten patch-work quilts."

A moderately fond father discovered his young son reading a dime novel. "Unhand me, villain," the detected son thundered, "or there will be blood shed."

"No," said the father tightening his hold on the boy's collar, "not blood shed—wood shed."

Mr. Bonsor: "We will now begin to study a new subject, one entirely foreign to the members of this class heretofore. The new study is work."

Bright Sophomore (after convocation): "I thought there would be at least ten girls in the girls' quartette."

Boy (in Bookkeeping I): "What do you do when your books don't balance?"

Boy (in Bookkeeping IV): "Why, add the figures up separately, in groups."



JUNIOR A "WANTS."

Notoriety: Alvin House.

A business head: Hugh.

Class enthusiasm: Le Roy Hunter.

Bids to the next dance: Georgie Eininger, Alice Tong, Meda Welder, Mary Teel.

Some one my own size: Truma Thomas.

An introduction to a person from Colville: Morris Bristole.

A way to get thin: Ferris Gehike.

Some one to to furnish me with gum the third period: Don Briley.

Complete solitude: Florence Allen, Lavern Borell, Helen Barline, Elizabeth F., and others.

A way to keep the curl in her hair: Glenna Kenyon.

Agnes S.: "My dress fits me now, Miss Olney, at least it did yesterday."

Professor Bratton, in speaking to the Seniors, said: "There is something at Walla Walla for every one of you."

From the looks of things a certain N. C. girl must have changed her favorite song from "A Sailor (Saylor) Boy's Dream" to "A Sailor Girl's (Gorrill) Dream."

Say, Carol, you will have to prove your statement that you don't squeeze everything you get your hands on.

If a lyric poem is one that is recited to a liar (lyre) and an epic poem is one that is sung to a liar (lyre), what are those poems called that are sung or recited by a liar? (Suggestion: Solve by an algebraic method.)

I, the Joke Editor, do hereby resign my position as such and do recommend as a worthy successor to the above named office one Professor Collins.

Miss E. Kaye (after a short but (?) review): "Now, we will begin today's lesson. You know, it is customary to proceed from the known to the unknown."



INSPIRATIONS FOR THE CARTOONIST.

A student's dream of chapel.

Miss Wilson's hints of college entrance exams.

The orderly desk owned jointly by Howe and Ellis.

How did it happen that Helen G. woke up in Davenport's restaurant at 12:30?

F. S. (musing in her Sewing class): "I wonder who will take me home tonight?"

A. C. (across the table, puzzled with knitting): "Rats!"

A. to B.: "You see, we are chums and we are going to the Senior B banquet with chums,—but don't you dare to insert another letter into the word 'chums'."

Miss E. Kaye: "This woman was granted a divorce from her husband because he had the habit of pulling off the table cloth and dishes in a fit of anger. It was noticeable that he didn't do it when there was company."

Gerald T. (the class expostulator): "I'll bet she didn't say anything to aggravate him when they had company either."

Miss Kaye: "Well, that is included in the 'better or worse' part."

Elaine C. (in Public Speaking class): "I had a music-loving friend, and I was carried off to a musicale— Oh! I mean I walked."

Mr. Ramsey made the statement a short time ago that marriage sometimes fails to adjust differences. Perhaps he thought he could make her come around to his way of thinking and she wouldn't. The Senior B match-makers better get busy on this case.

Miss Wilson (in English VIII): "Ruth, why should Wordsworth be thinking that way?"

Ruth S.: "I don't know, unless he was dead."

L. W.: "Have your ears ever been pierced?"

Eva O.: "No; only bored."

TAMARACK.

Mr. Collins asked the following question of his Economics class: If a man in Spokane snatches a purse from a girl in New York, what sort of sentence would he get?

We want to know why Carol H. is so Happy when she is going to Alan (Allen).

A "Sherlock Holmes" has been discovered in Miss Bemiss' History I class. This person has shown his ability by the following statement: Egypt must have been a kingdom, because there was a king there. (Note the superior reasoning.)

Too bad, Cowan, that you skipped off and left B. C. waiting thirty minutes to congratulate you upon its being your birthday. For the benefit of those who will wonder where Athol was we will say that evidence shows that he waited, too.

The Senior B's were not very considerate of Selma E. when they overlooked Dorsey's invitation to the banquet.

Elaine C. (making a labor leader's toast): "As a leber of lader I——"

Notice the moving pictures on the third floor, north wing, at noon. Every one invited. No admission charged.

Mr. Rice: "I would like to go to that banquet, but, you see, we have a boy over there and when we want to go anywhere we have to either choke him or chloroform him."

In History I class: "Socrates' philosophy was of right thinking. He was bald-headed and had a cross wife."

Helen G.: "You can see so much more easily through Algebra III than you can through Geometry. You know Geometry III is solid."

(Helen is some brilliant student, is she not?)

Senior A (at Ives): "I suppose our spring vacation will be earlier this year because Easter is so much earlier."

Carol H.: "By the way, why is it that *Easter* is going to be so early?"



Rosa Schelling (in Third Period Public Speaking class, criticizing the Declamation contest): "Well, I know there was one place where he held his audience very well. . Everyone was sort of fussing or holding hands." (How about this, Mr. Sanderson? Evidently someone was helping him hold the audience.)

A History VII student reciting on the colonization of Virginia:

"Captain John Smith went up the river to trade with the Indians and obtain corn. He traveled in a ship and when he came to a narrow place in the river he could go no further in the ship so he hired an Indian to paddle him."

Did you see Alfred jump at the first Blair of the trumpet?

To See
Something
Swell

Immerse a
sponge in
AQUA

TAMARACK

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Laugh, and you laugh alone;
The first when the joke is the teacher's,
The last when the joke is your own.

Question: How many pence to a shilling (Schilling)?
Answer: Robert Pence.

In the Cooking room it seems so easy to raise dough, but in the Tamarack room—well, ask the Business Manager.

Mr. Sawtelle (in English IV class): "What is the feminine of stag?"
Bright Student: "Ewe."

Small Boy (translating in Wilhelm Tell): "—and the hours shall pass for us eternally warm."

Wanted: Some one to keep the altos of the Chorus class quiet when the sopranos are singing.

Bright Senior: "I was 'up in the air' when I wrote my theme, so I wrote about an aeroplane."

R. S. (at the football game): "Who is that man they're quarreling with?"

F. E.: "Why, he is keeping the score."

R. S.: "Oh! and won't he give it up?"

J. G. (thoughtfully at 11:39): "You know, there was something else I wanted to say, but it has quite gone out of my mind."

P. O. (hopefully): "It wasn't 'Good-night,' was it?"

What would Wallace Nickum do without his looking glass?

Mr. Gundry (in Commercial Law class): "What happens to a woman's contracts when she marries?"

Effie K.: "I don't know."

Mr. G.: "Well, it's about time you were finding out. Isn't it?"

OUR CONTEMPORARIES



Khiman Kabl, the great Hindu magician, was in a melancholy mood. He was tired of his little sphere and wanted to know more of the outside world. He arose from his soft couch, where he had been reclining, and lit some sticks of sandalwood. He threw a yellow powder upon the tiny flame, which instantly blazed higher. Through the fragrant, gray smoke appeared forms of pamphlets and magazines.

"Here's the November number of the 'Tahoma,' with an excellent cover design, good stories and fine poetry department. 'The Kinnikinick' is well-written, but needs stories to brighten its pages, while 'The Wheat' and 'The Wizard' are interesting little pamphlets," he cried delightedly.

Here the flame flickered and Kabl threw on another powder to see "The Megaphone," "The Kodak" and the November "Criterion" appear. "These are excellent papers, with good literary departments, well-written editorials and plenty of original jokes. These papers take the blues away."

Then the tiny flame died out, leaving Khiman Kabl in a happy, contented frame of mind.

The last issue of the Lewis and Clark Journal was a very neat paper. Extra nice cover design.

Hazel Hansen (in Public Speaking class): "One word will tell you all I know.."

Seen at the end of the Domestic Science girls' menu for the Engineers' banquet: Onions and paper table cloths. (Presumably for dessert.)

Ruth H. (before the Declamation contest): "Well, there is one consolation anyway, and that is that even Sarah Bernhardt has stage-fright every time she appears."

Lolita C.: "In which division is she?"

TAMARACK.

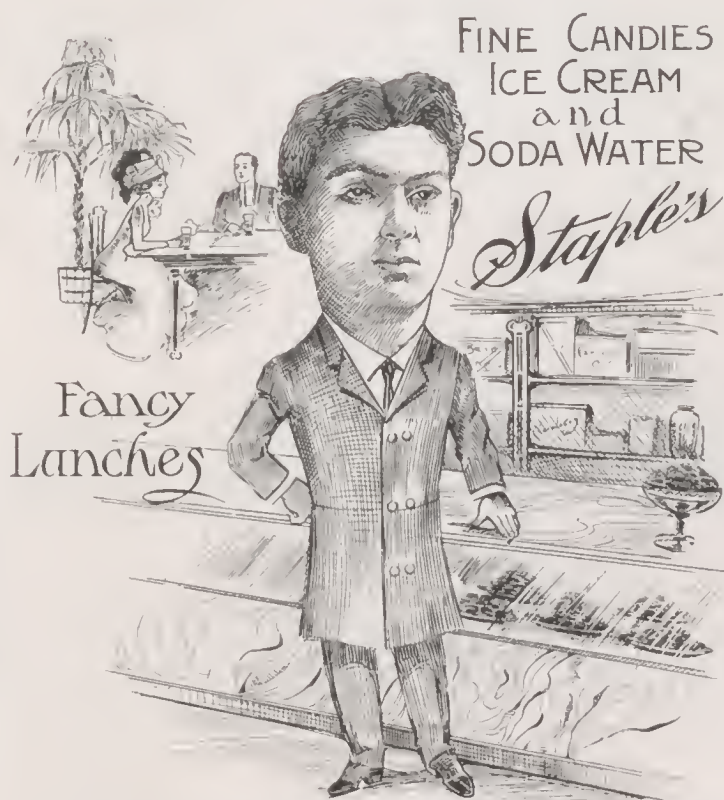


E. J. PRICKETT
Faculty Director of The Tamarack



RICHARD T. HARGREAVES
Principal North Central High School

Let's go to Staples



Graduates Listen !

---Drop in, we want to tell you something



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what he thinks

— OF THE —

McDERMID

Engraving
Company

the firm that produced the engravings
for this book. "NUF SED."

The Tamarack Business Directory

A

Angvire Studio
Antlers, The

B

Bailey's Orchestra
Bevier's Orchestra
Black & White Hat Shop
Blair Business College
Bob's & Jack's
Broadview Dairy
Brooks
Brown's School of Dancing
Burchett, Jane

C

Carr's
Centennial Mill
Chicago Clothing Co.
Chronicle
Clayman's
Cole Printing Co.

D

Day & Hansen Security Co.
Diamond Ice & Fuel Co.

E

Eilers Music House

F

Fogelquist
Frank's
Franklin Press

G

Graham, John W.

H

Harmon Millinery
Hazelwood Dairy
Hill Bros. Shoe Co.
Hurd & Co., R. J.
Hyde & Co., E. J.

I

Imhoff, Howard Coleman
Inland Empire Biscuit Co.
Ive's Lunch
I X L Clothing Co.

K

Kemp & Hebert
King Tie Shop

L

Libby Art Studio.
Libby, C. A.
Little, J. T.

M

Majestic Theatre
McDermid Engraving Co.

McGowan Bros.
Millar, A. W.
Miller, Mower & Flynn

N

Nettleton Shoe Store
North Central Cafe

O

Oakes Cafe

P

Pacific Mercantile Press
Pacific Transfer Co.
Palace Cleaning Works
Palace, The
Pearl Laundry
Pease Tailoring Co.
Pine Creek Dairy
Praeger's Store

Q

Quick Print Press

R

Reimer's Flower Store

S

Sartori & Wolff
Shaw & Borden Co.
Sollars Bros.
Somers & Co., H. I.
Spokane Bakery
Spokane Florist Co.
Spokane Flour Mills
Spokane Gas Co.
Spokane State Bank
Spokane Table Supply Co.
Staples Candy Co.
Starker, I. L.
Steenberg Grocery
Stirling Print Shop

T

Tomlinson

V

Varney, L. M.
Victoria Barber Shop

W

Ware Bros.
Washington Mill Co.
Wein's Clothing Store
Wentworth
Western Soap Co.

Y

Yahey Mathis Grocery
Yoenm, E. C.

Z

Zeorlin Dancing Academy

We regret to state that the Quick Print Press was not mentioned in our list of friends in the previous issue



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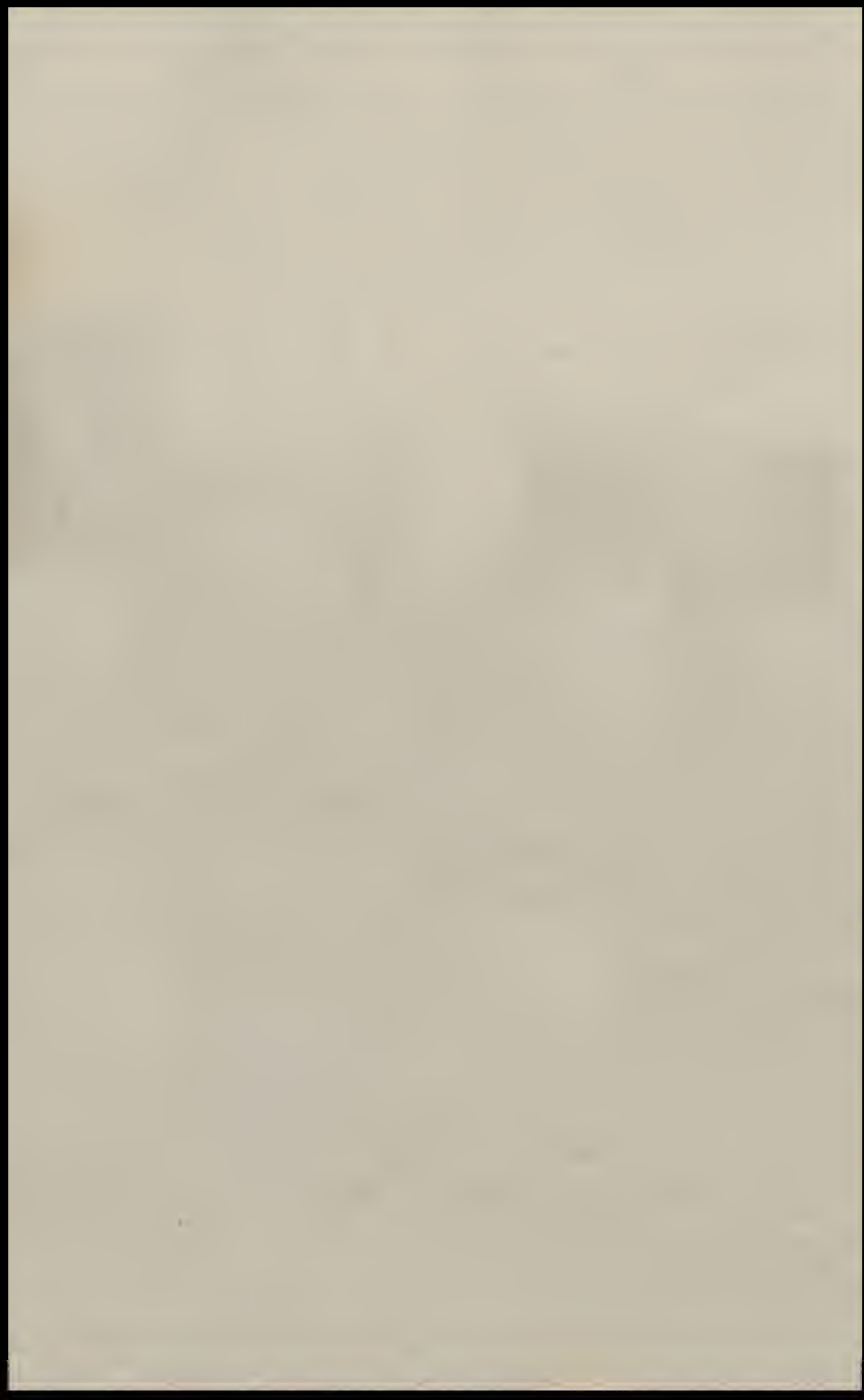
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